

P.o. angl.

393^a₌

Specimens

a much admired Selection - 17th Bindley
15th Strettel, uncut
1 & 5 Sykes m
(Lowndes p. 659)

On remarque des vers figures p. 110

P.O. angl. 393^a

S P E C I M E N S

OF THE

Early English Poets.

LONDON, PRINTED FOR EDWARDS, PALL-MALL.

1790.



PREFACE.

THE poetical miscellany now offered to the public was originally intended to comprize, within the compass of one volume, all the most beautiful small poems which had been published in this country during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; and it was conceived that, by classing the several authors under the reigns in which they flourished, the collection would unite the advantages of a poetical common-place book with those of a history of English poetry. Perhaps these purposes may be in some measure answered even by the present imperfect collection; but the completion of the publisher's plan has been prevented by the difficulty of procuring a sufficient stock of materials.

THE regularity and harmony of style, and the minute attention to the artifice of composition which were introduced by the au-

thors of Queen Anne's reign, produced in the public such a delicacy and even fastidiousness of taste, as could not be gratified by the irregular compositions of our early poets, who therefore soon fell into disrepute, and were in a little time consigned to oblivion. The disuse of the black letter contributed, perhaps, to this revolution in taste. Of those works which had been printed in that antiquated character, a very few copies, becoming valuable from their scarcity, escaped into the cabinets of literary collectors, where they are secure indeed against farther insult, but are at the same time inaccessible to the curiosity of the public.

It has been lamented by many lovers of poetry, that, when a general and uniform edition of our poets was published under the auspices of Dr. Johnson, no effort was made in favour of these antiquated writers. It should seem, that the director of that literary apotheosis might have recommended to public notice the works of Surrey, Wyat,

Sidney, Raleigh, and the several contributors to our earlier miscellanies, as justly and as successfully as those of Blackmore, Sprat, and Yalden. The opportunity, however, is now lost, and is not likely to be soon recovered.

To those who possess a complete poetical library, the following collection will, of course, be useless : it is a mere commonplace book, and very imperfect ; but, it is hoped, far less so than any other of the same size. It is confined to small poems only ; because it was apprehended that these would be more pleasing than extracts and fragments, and would tend equally to characterize the manner of the several authors. The task of selection too was much easier ; for any man can appreciate the merit of natural thoughts conveyed in natural language, whereas inspiration is a supernatural agent, and what in one age passes for sublime, may in another be only considered as absurd.

POEMS of the ballad kind have been omitted, because they seem less connected with the history of our poetry, than with that of our ancient manners and customs. For this reason too, the longest are scarcely susceptible of abridgment, and their number is not so considerable as to require selection. It is to be wished that more of them may be discovered, particularly in the class of metrical romances, as even the oldest of those in prose are claimed as the property of other nations.

As many of the names which occur in this volume will probably not be familiar to the general class of readers, it might be expected that the specimens of each author should be preceded by some account of his life and writings: but it was thought unnecessary to attempt what has been already executed in the best and most popular of our modern miscellanies. A sufficient account of all the British poets may be found either in Percy's Collection; or in Headley's *Select Beauties of*

ancient English Poetry ; or in Pinkerton's
Scottish Ballads and Poems.

IT is necessary to mention, that the compiler has taken the liberty of adopting throughout the orthography of the present time. He conceives, that, although some of the variations which have taken place in our mode of spelling may have been dictated by caprice, the greater number were adopted with a view to prevent ambiguity, and that it is no injury to his authors to render them more intelligible.

THE freedom which has been taken in suppressing not only several lines, but occasionally very long passages in a poem, is certainly inexcusable, if it shall be found to have been injudiciously exercised : but, on this point, the reader's opinion will probably be decided rather by the merit of what is preserved, than by any apology that could be offered in a preface.

Journal of the Proceedings of the
General Assembly of the
Presbyterian Church of the United States of America

It is necessary to mention that the com-
missioners of the General Assembly of the
Presbyterian Church of the United States of America
have taken into consideration the fact that
the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church
of the United States of America has been
in session since the 1st of January 1852
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HENRY VIII.

NEW YORK

LORD SURREY.

HENRY HOWARD, Earl of Surrey, is considered as the first English classic. His Poems, together with those of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the elder, and those of uncertain authors, were published by Tottel, in 1557, and 1565. A very satisfactory account of the contributors to this curious miscellany may be found in the third volume of Warton's History of English Poetry. Tottel's editions are now extremely scarce, and even the copy of them printed in 1717, in Octavo, is not very common.

GIVE place, ye lovers, here before
 That spent your boasts and brags in vain ;
 My lady's beauty passeth more
 The best of yours, I dare well faine,
 Than doth the sun the candle light,
 Or brightest day the darkest night.

And thereto hath a truth as just,
 As had Penelope the fair ;
 For what she saith, ye may it trust,
 As it by writing sealed were.
 And virtues hath she many more
 Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
 The whole effect of nature's plaint ;
 When she had lost the perfect mould,
 The like to whom she could not paint.
 With wringing hands how she did cry !
 And what she said I know it, I :

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

Sith Nature thus gave her the praise,
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be fought,
Than to compare (as ye have done)
To match the candle with the sun.

O D E.

THE foote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings,
The turtle to her mate hath told her tale.
Summer is come: for every spray now springs.
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
The fishes float, with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small;
The busy bee, her honey now she mings,
Winter is gone, that was the flower's bale;
And thus I see, among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs!

SIR THOMAS WYAT.

*his poetical works have been
reprinted London 1831. 8°*

YOur looks so often cast,
Your eyes so friendly roll'd,
Your sight fixed so fast,
Always one to behold;
Tho' hide it fain ye would,
It plainly doth declare,
Who hath your heart in hold,
And where good-will ye bear.

Fain would ye find a cloak
Your burning fire to hide,
Yet both the flame and smoke
Breaks out on every side.
Ye cannot love so guide
That it no issue win;
Abroad needs must it glide
That burns so hot within.

SINCE love will needs that I must love,
Of very force I must agree:
And since no chance may it remove,
In wealth and in adversity,
I shall always myself apply,
To serve and suffer patiently,

Though for good-will I find but hate,
 And Cruelty my life to waste,
 And though that still a wretched state,
 Should pine my days unto the last,
 Yet I profess it willingly,
 To serve and suffer patiently.

There is no grief, no smart, no woe,
 That yet I feel, or after shall,
 That from this mind may make me go;
 And, whatsoever me befall,
 I do profess it willingly,
 To serve and suffer patiently.

My Lute awake, perform the last
 Labour that thou and I shall waste,
 And end that I have now begun :
 And when this song is sung and past,
 My lute be still, for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waves continually,
 As she my suit and affection :
 So that I am past remedy,
 Whereby my lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil which thou hast got
 Of simple Hearts through Love's shot,

By whom (unkind!) thou hast them won
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain
That makest but game on earnest pain:
Think not alone under the Sun
Unquit to cause thy Lover's plaine,
Although my lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon;
Thy wishes then dare not be told,
Care then who list, for I have done.

And then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy Lover's sigh and swoon;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease my lute: this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste,
And ended is that we begun;
Now is this Song both sung and past.
My lute be still, for I have done.

ANONYMOUS.

O D E.

ADIEU desert, how art thou spent!
 Ah dropping tears how do ye waste,
 Ah scalding sighs how be ye spent,
 To prick them forth that will not haste!
 Ah pained heart thou gap'st for grace
 Even there where pity hath no place.

As easy 'tis the stony rock
 From place to place for to remove,
 As by thy plaint for to provoke
 A frozen heart from hate to love:
 What should I say! such is thy lot
 To fawn on them that force thee not.

Thus may'st thou safely say and swear
 That rigour reigns where truth doth fail,
 In thankless thoughts thy thoughts do wear,
 Thy truth thy faith may not avail
 For thy good-will. Why shouldst thou so
 Still graft where grace it will not grow?

Alas poor heart, thus hast thou spent
 Thy flowering time, thy pleasant years?
 With sighing voice weep and lament,
 For of thy Hope no fruit appears,
 Thy true meaning is paid with Scorn
 That ever soweth and reapeth no Corn.

And when thou seek'st a quiet part
Thou dost but weigh against the Wind;
For where thou gladdest wouldst resort
There is no place for thee assign'd;
Thy destiny hath set it so
That thy true heart should cause thy woe.

GIVE place, ye Ladies, and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all;
For here at hand approacheth one
Whose face will stain you all.
The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone,
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.
In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy;
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.
I think Nature hath lost the mould
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.
She may be well compared
Unto the Phenix kind,
Whose like was never seen or heard,
That any man can find.
In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope,

In word and eke in deed stedfast,
What will you more we say?
Her roseal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose
Within her lively face;
At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as astray.
The modest mirth that she doth use,
Is mix'd with shamefastness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth Idleness.
O Lord, it is a world to see
How Virtue can repair
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair.
Truly she doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days
As doth the Gilly-flow'r a weed,
And more a thousand ways.
How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree?
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.
This gift alone I shall her give,
When death doth what he can
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

A MAN may live thrice Nestor's life,
Thrice wander out Ulysses' race,
Yet never find Ulysses' wife;
Such change hath chanced in this case!
Less age will serve than Paris had,
Small pain (if *none* be small enow)
To find good store of Helen's trade;
Such sap the root doth yield the bough!
For one good wife, Ulysses flew
A worthy knot of gentle blood:
For one ill wife, Greece overthrew
The town of Troy. Sith bad and good
Bring mischief, Lord let be thy will
To keep me free from either ill!

THE smoky sighs, the bitter tears
That I in vain have waisted,
The broken sleep, the woe and fears,
That long in me have lasted,
The love, and all I owe to thee,
Here I renounce, and make me free.

The fruits were fair the which did grow
Within thy garden planted,
The leaves were green of every bough,
And moisture nothing wanted;

Yet, ere the blossoms 'gan to fall
The caterpillar waisted all.

Thy body was the garden-place,
And sugar'd words it beareth;
The blossoms all, thy faith it was,
Which, as the canker, weareth.
The caterpillar is the same
That hath won thee, and lost thy name.

I SEE there is no fort
Of things that live in grief,
Which at some time may not resort,
Whereas they find relief.

The chaced deer hath foil,
To cool him in his heat;
The afs, after his weary toil,
In stable is up fet.

The coney hath its cave,
The little bird its nest,
From heat and cold themselves to save,
At all times as they list.

The owl, with feeble fight,
Lies lurking in the leaves;
The sparrow, in the frosty night,
May shroud her in the eaves.

But, woe to me, alas!
 In fun, nor yet in shade,
 I cannot find a resting-place
 My burthen to unlade.

N. B. *The couplet printed in Italics, is said to have been written
 by Q. MARY, on a window of Fotheringay Castle.*

To this my song give ear who list,
 And mine intent judge as ye will;
 The time is come that I have miss'd
 The thing whereon I hoped still;
And, from the top of all my trust
Mishap hath thrown me in the dust.

The time hath been, and that of late,
 My heart and I might leap at large,
 And was not shut within the gate
 Of love's desire, nor took no charge
 Of any thing that did pertain
 As touching love, in any pain.

My thought was free, my heart was light,
 I marked not who lost, who faught,*
 I plaid by day, I slept by night,
 I forced not who wept, who laugh'd;

* *Perhaps saved, or won.*

My thought from all such things was free,
And I myself at liberty.

I took no heed to taunts nor toys,
As lief to see them frown as smile ;
Where fortune laugh'd I scorn'd their joys,
I found their frauds, and every wile ;
And to myself oftimes I smiled,
To see how love had them beguiled.

Thus, in the net of my conceit,
I masked still among the sort
Of such as fed upon the bait,
That Cupid laid for his disport ;
And ever, as I saw them caught,
I them beheld and thereat laugh'd.

Till at the end, when Cupid spied
My scornful will, and spiteful use,
And how I past not who was tied,
So that myself might still live loose ;
He set himself to lie in wait,
And in my way he threw a bait.

Such one as Nature never made,
I dare well say, save her alone ;
Such one she was as would invade
A heart more hard than marble stone ;
Such one she is, I know it right,
Her Nature made to shew her might.

Then, as a man that's in a maze,
When use of reason is away,
So I began to stare and gaze;
And suddenly, without delay,
Ere ever I had the wit to look,
I swallow'd up both bait and hook.

Which daily grieves me more and more,
By fundry forts of careful woe,
And none alive can salve the sore,
But only she that hurt me so;
In whom my life doth now consist
To save or slay me as she list.

But seeing now that I am caught,
And bound so fast I cannot flee;
Be ye by mine example taught,
That in your fancies feel you free:
Despise not them that lovers are,
Left you be caught within his snare.

A LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do 'way your phyfick, I faint no more;
The falve you fent, it comes too late;
You wift well all my grief before,
And what I fuffer'd for your fake;
Whole is my heart—I plain no more,
A new the cure did undertake,
Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.

For whilst you knew I was your own,
So long in vain you made me gape,
And though my faith it were well known,
Yet fmall regard you took thereat.
But, now the blaft is over-blown
Of vaine phyfick, a falve you fhape,
Wherefore do 'way, you come too late.

How long, ere this, have I been fain
To gape for mercy at your gate,
Until the time I fpied it plain
That pity and you fell at debate.
For my redrefs then was I fain
Your fervice clean for to forfake;
Wherefore do 'way—you come too late.

HARPALUS AND PHILLIDA.

PHILLIDA was a fair maid,
As fresh as any flower;
Whom Harpalus the herdsman pray'd
To be her paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdsmen both yfere;*
And Phillida could twist and spin,
And thereto sing full clear.

But Phillida was all too coy
For Harpalus to win,
For Corin was her only joy,
Who forst † her not a pin.

How often would she flowers twine,
How often garlands make
Of cowslips and of Columbine?
And all for Corin's sake.

But Corin he had hawks to lure,
And forsed more the field;
Of lover's law he took no cure,
For once he was beguiled.

* Together.

† Loved.

Harpalus prevailed nought,
 His labour all was lost;
 For he was farthest from her thought,
 And yet he lov'd her most.

Therefore wax'd he both pale and lean,
 And dry as clot of clay;
 His flesh it was consumed clean,
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave,
 His hair hung all unkempt;*
 A man fit even for the grave,
 Whom spiteful love had spent.

His eyes were red, and all fore-watch'd,†
 His face besprent‡ with tears;
 It seem'd unhap had him long hatch'd,
 In midst of his despairs.

His clothes were black, and also bare,
 As one forlorn was he;
 Upon his head always he ware
 A wreath of willow tree.

His beasts he kept upon the hill,
 And he fate in the dale;
 And thus, with sighs and sorrows shrill,
 He 'gan to tell his tale:

* *Uncombed.*

† *Overwatched, tired with watching.*

‡ *Besprinkled.*

" O Harpalus! (this would he say)
 " Unhappiest under sun!
 " The cause of thine unhappy day
 " By love was first begun.

" For thou went'st first by suit to seek
 " A tiger to make tame;
 " That sets not by thy love a leek,
 " But makes thy grief her game.

" As easy it were to convert
 " The frost into the flame,
 " As for to turn a froward heart,
 " Whom thou so fain would'st frame.

" Corin he liveth caréless,
 " He leaps among the leaves;
 " He eats the fruits of thy redress,*
 " Thou reaps, he takes the sheaves.

" My beasts, awhile your food refrain,
 " And hark your herdsman's found,
 " Whom spiteful love, alas! hath slain,
 " Through-girt† with many a wound.

" O happy be ye, beasts wild,
 " Who here your pasture takes;
 " I see that ye be not beguil'd,
 " Of these your faithful makes.‡

* *Labour.* † *Pierced through.* ‡ *Mates.*

“ The hart he feedeth by the hind,
“ The buck hard by the doe,
“ The turtle-dove is not unkind
“ To him that loves her fo.

“ But, welaway! that nature wrought
“ Thee, Phillida, so fair;
“ For I may fay that I have bought
“ Thy beauty all too dear!

“ What reason is that cruelty
“ With beauty should have part?
“ Or else that such great tyranny
“ Should dwell in woman’s heart?

“ O, Cupid, grant this my request,
“ And do not stop thine ears,
“ That she may feel within her breast
“ The pains of my despairs.

“ Of Corin that is caréless
“ That she may crave her fee,
“ As I have done in great distrefs
“ That lov’d her faithfully.

“ But since that I shall die her slave,
“ Her slave and eke her thrall,
“ Write you, my friends, upon my grave,
“ This chance that is befall.

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus,
“ By cruel love now slain,
“ Whom Phillida unjustly thus
“ Hath murder'd with disdain!”

FROM GAMMER GURTON'S NEEDLE,

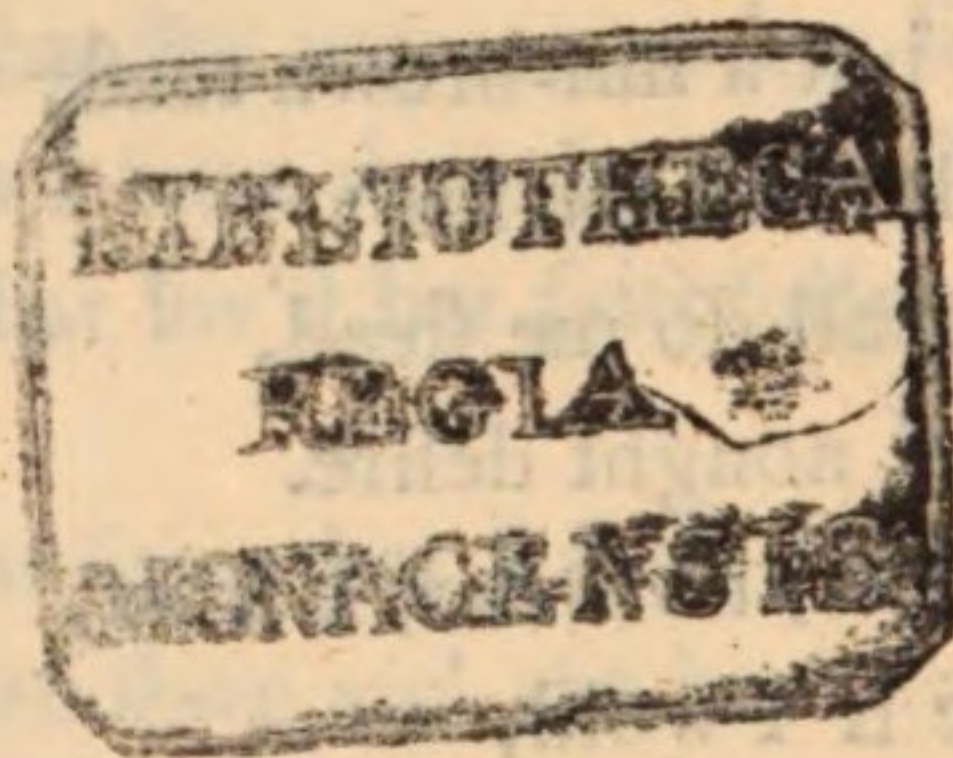
DRINKING SONG.

I CANNOT eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good ;
But sure, I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Tho' I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold,
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare,
Both foot and hand go cold ;
But, belly, God fend thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut-brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire ;
A little bread shall do me stead,
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malkworm should,
And faith, "Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old."
Back and fide, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the blifs
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and fide, &c.



GEORGE BACCHUS

I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name
And I am a man of a good name

QUEEN ELIZABETH.

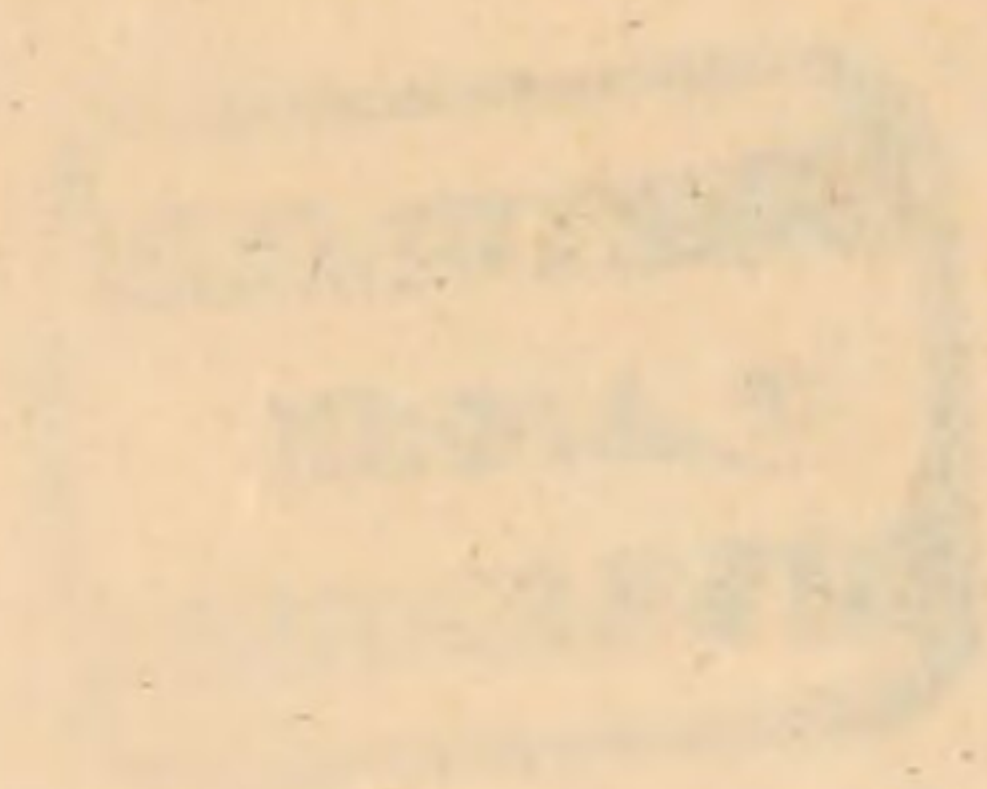
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world
How long I have been in the world

And as for the world again
Can watch and day when I am old
And I am a man of a good name
To my dear friends and to my dear friends
So long I have been in the world
The world is a good name

The world is a good name
That I have been in the world
I am a man of a good name
So long I have been in the world
I am a man of a good name
I am a man of a good name
I am a man of a good name
I am a man of a good name

And the first of these is the
fact that the world is not
what it seems to be. It is
a vast and complex system
of interlocking parts, each
of which has its own life and
its own way of thinking.
And yet, all these parts are
connected together in a single
whole, and it is this whole
that we call the world.

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GEORGE GASCOIGNE.

A strange PASSION of a LOVER.

I LAUGH sometimes with little lust;
 So jest I oft, and feel no joye;
 Mine ease is builded all on trust,
 And yet mistrust breeds mine annoye.
 I live and lack, I lack and have,
 I have, and miss the thing I crave.

Then like the lark, that past the night
 In heavy sleep with cares oppress,
 Yet when she spies the pleasant light,
 She sends sweet notes from out her breast;
 So sing I now, because I think
 How joys approach when sorrows shrink.

And as fair *Philomene* again
 Can watch and sing when others sleep,
 And taketh pleasure in her pain,
 To wray the woe that makes her weep:
 So sing I now, for to bewray
 The loathsome life I lead alway.

The which to thee, dear wench, I write,
 That know'st my mirth, but not my moan;
 I pray God grant thee deep delight,
 To live in joys when I am gone.
 I cannot live; it will not be,
 I die to think to part from thee,

*his poems appeared in 1572,
 and 1575; his works 1587.
 nearly all are reprinted in
 Chalmers's edn of the poets.
 In the censura literaria
 vol 1 p 109. 118 there appears
 a tolerably full account of
 this writer; he was a gallant
 soldier.*

THE LULLABY OF A LOVER.

SING lullabies, as women do,
With which they charm their babes to rest;
And lullaby can I sing too,
As womanly as can the best.
With lullaby they still the child;
And, if I be not much beguil'd,
Full many wanton babes have I,
Which must be still'd with lullaby.

First lullaby my youthful years:
It is now time to go to bed:
For crooked age, and hoary hairs,
Have wore the haven within mine head.
With lullaby then youth be still,
With lullaby content thy will;
Since courage quails, and comes behind,
Go sleep, and so beguile thy mind.

Next, lullaby my gazing eyes,
Which wonted were to glance apace;
For ev'ry glass may now suffice.
To shew the furrows in my face.
With lullaby then wink awhile;
With lullaby your looks beguile;
Let no fair face, or beauty bright,
Entice you efte with vain delight.

And lullaby, my wanton will,
Let reason's rule now rein thy thought,
Since all too late I find by skill,
How dear I have thy fancies bought ;
With lullaby now take thine ease,
With lullaby thy doubt appease ;
For, trust in this, if thou be still,
My body shall obey thy will.

Thus lullaby my youth, mine eyes,
My will, my ware, and all that was ;
I can no more delays devise ;
But, welcome pain, let pleasure pass.
With lullaby now take your leave,
With lullaby your dreams deceive,
And, when you rise with waking eye,
Remember then this lullaby.

THE DOLE OF DESPAIR,

WRITTEN BY A LOVER

Disdainfully rejected, contrary to former Promises.

I MUST alledge, and thou canst tell
How faithfully I vow'd to serve :
And how thou seem'dst to like me well ;
And how thou saidst I did deserve
To be thy Lord, thy Knight, thy King,
And how much more I list not sing.

And canst thou now, thou cruel one,
Condemn desert to deep despair?
Is all thy promise past and gone?
Is faith so fled into the air?
If that be so, what rests for me,
But thus, in song, to say to thee:

If *Cressid*'s name were not so known,
And written wide on every wall;
If bruit of pride were not so blown
Upon *Angelica* withall;
For hault disdain, you might be she;
Or *Cressid* for inconstancy.

And in reward of thy desert,
I hope at last to see thee paid
With deep repentance for thy part
Which thou hast now so lewdly play'd;
Medoro, he must be thy make,
Since thou *Orlando* dost forsake.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.

SONG.

Blow, blow thou Winter-wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude :
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot :
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remember'd not.

SONNET.

ON a day, (alack the day !)
 Love, whose month is ever May,
 Spied a blossom, passing fair,
 Playing in the wanton air.
 Through the velvet leaves the wind
 All unseen 'gan passage find,
 That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow ;—
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack ! my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn.

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet;
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou, for whom ev'n Jove would swear
Juno but an Æthiop were;
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

SPRING, A SONG.

WHEN daifies pied and violets blue,
And lady-smocks, all silver white,
And cuckow-buds, of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear.

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks married men, for thus sings he;
Cuckow!
Cuckow! Cuckow! O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear,

SONG OF FAIRIES.

Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon,
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task foredone.
Now the wasted brands do glow ;
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his spright,
In the churchway paths to glide ;
And we Fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house ;
I am sent with broom before
To sweep the dust behind the door.

S O N G.

SIGH no more, ladies, sigh no more ;
Men were deceivers ever.
One foot on sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,

Then figh not fo,
But let them go,
And be you blythe and bonny ;
Converting all your founds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, figh no mo
Of dumps fo dull and heavy ;
The fraud of men was ever fo,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then figh not fo, &c,

WINTER, A SONG.

W_HEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly fings the staring owl,
Tu-whit ! tu-whoo !
A merry note,
While greafy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parfon's faw,
And birds fit brooding in the fnow,
And Marian's nofe looks red and raw ;

When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whit! tu-whoo!
A merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

A SONG ON *FANCY*.

TELL me, where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head;
How begot, how nourished?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes;
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it. Ding dong bell.

ARIEL'S SONG.

WHERE the bee sucks, there lurk I;
In a cowslip's bell I lie,
There I couch when owls do cry;
On the bat's back I do fly,
After sun-set merrily;
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

!

S O N G.

COME away, come away death,
 And in sad cypress let me be laid;
 Fly away, fly away breath,
 I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
 My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
 O prepare it;
 My part of death no one so true
 Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
 On my black coffin let there be strown;
 Not a friend, not a friend greet
 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown,
 A thousand thousand sighs to save;
 Lay me, O! where
 True lover never find my grave,
 To weep there!

S O N G.

“ WHO is Silvia? what is she,
 “ That all our swains commend her?”
 Holy, fair, and wise is she,
 The heav’ns such grace did lend her,
 That she might admired be.

“ Is she kind as she is fair ?
“ For beauty lives with kindness :”
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling ;
To her let us garlands bring.

D I R G E.

FEAR no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages,
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, phyfic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear no slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

S O N G.

U N D E R the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the fun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

BEING your slave, what should I do, but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire,
I have no precious time at all to spend,
Nor services to do till you require:
Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
Whilst I, my sovereign! watch the clock for you;
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu.
Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save where you are: how happy you make those!
So true a fool is love, that in your will
Tho' you do any thing, he thinks no ill.

WHOLESOME COUNSEL.

WHEN as thine eye hath chose the dame
And stall'd the deer that thou should'st strike,
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy * * * * *
Take counsel of some wiser head,
Neither too young, nor yet unwed.

And when thou com'st thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy tongue with filed talk;
Left she some subtle practice smell:
A cripple soon can find a halt.
But plainly say thou lov'st her well,
And set her person up to sale.

What though her frowning brows be bent,
Her cloudy looks will calm ere night;
And then too late she will repent
That thus dissembled her delight;
And twice desire, ere it be day,
That which with scorn she put away.

What though she strive to try her strength,
And ban and brawl, and say thee nay;
Her feeble force will yield at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to say:
“Had women been as strong as men,
“In faith, you had not had it then.”

And, to her will frame all thy ways,
Spare not to spend, and chiefly there
Where thy desert may merit praise,
By ringing in thy lady's ear.
The strongest castle, tow'r, and town,
The golden bullet beats it down.

Serve always with assured trust,
And in thy suit be humble true ;
Unless thy lady prove unjust,
Please never thou to choose anew.
When time shall serve, be thou not slack
To proffer, tho' she put it back.

The wiles and guiles that women work,
Dissembled with an outward shew,
The tricks and toys that in them lurk,
The cock that treads them shall not know ;
Have you not heard it said full oft,
A woman's nay doth stand for nought?

But soft; enough, too much (I fear)
Left that my mistress hear my song :
She will not stick to round me on th' ear,
To teach my tongue to be so long ;
Yet will she blush, here be it said,
To hear her secrets so betray'd.

SYMPATHIZING LOVE.

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made ;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring ;

Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn ;
And there sung the mournful'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity :
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by ;
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon my own.
Ah ! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain ;
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears, they will not cheer thee,
King Pandion he is dead ;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead ;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy forrowing ;
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,
Thou and I were both beguiled ;
Every one that flatters thee,
Is no friend to misery.
Words are easy, like the wind,
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend :
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
“ Pity but he was a king.”
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
If to women he be bent,
They have him at commandment;
But if Fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn’d on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee at thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep;
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

S O N N E T.

W_{HENCE} comes my love, Oh heart, disclose!
 'Twas from cheeks that shame the rose;
 From lips that spoil the diamond's blaze.
 Whence comes my woe, as freely own,
 Ah me! 'twas from a heart of stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
 The lips besitting words most kind;
 The eye doth tempt to love's desire,
 And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire.
 Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
 Syth nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus my love so kind bespeak
 Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek,
 Yet not a heart to save my pain?
 O Venus! take thy gifts again.
 Make nought so fair to cause our moan,
 Or make a heart that's like our own.

SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

S O N N E T.

FAINT amorist! what, dost thou think
To taste love's honey, and not drink
One dram of gall? or to devour
A world of sweet, and taste no four?
Dost thou ever think to enter
Th' Elyfian fields, that darest not venture
In Charon's barge? a lover's mind
Must use to sail with every wind!

He that loves, and fears to try,
Learns his mistress to deny.
Doth she chide thee? 'tis to shew it
That thy coldness makes her do it.
Is she silent, is she mute?
Silence fully grants thy suit.
Doth she pout and leave the room?
Then she goes to bid thee come.

Is she sick? why then be sure,
She invites thee to the cure.
Doth she cross thy suit with "No?"
Tush! she loves to hear thee woo.
Doth she call the faith of men
In question? nay, she loves thee then;

And if e'er she makes a blot,
She's lost if that thou hit'st her not.

He that, after ten denials,
Dares attempt no farther trials,
Hath no warrant to acquire
The dainties of his chaste desire.

S O N N E T.

IN a grove most rich of shade,
Where birds wanton music made,
May, then young, his pied weeds showing,
New perfum'd, with flow'rs fresh growing,
Astrophel, with Stella sweet,
Did for mutual comfort meet;
Both within themselves oppress'd,
But each in the other blest'd.
Him great harms had taught much care,
Her fair neck a foul yoke bare;
But her fight his cares did banish,
In his fight her yoke did vanish.
Wept they had, alas, the while!
But now tears themselves did smile;
Sigh they did, but now betwixt
Sighs of woe were glad sighs mix'd;
Their ears hungry of each word,
Which the dear tongue could afford.

“ Stella ! whose voice, when it singeth,
Angels to acquaintance bringeth ;
Stella, in whose body is
Writ each character of blifs ;
Whose face all, all beauty passeth,
Save thy mind, which that surpasseth ;
Grant—O grant—but speech, alas!
Fails me, fearing on to pass—
Grant, O dear, on knees I pray,
(Knees on ground he then did stay)
That not I, but, since I love you,
Time and place for me may move you !
Never season was more fit,
Never room more apt for it !
Smiling air allows my reason,
The birds sing, “ now use the season,”
This small wind, which so sweet is,
See how it the leaves doth kiss ;
And, if dumb things be so witty,
Shall a heavenly grace want pity ?”

There, his hands, in their speech, fain
Would have made tongue's language plain ;
But her hands, his hands repelling,
Gave repulse all grace excelling.
Then she spake ; her speech was such
As not ears but heart did touch ;
While in suchwise she love denied
As yet love she signified.

“Astrophel! (saide she) my love,
Cease in these effects to prove.
Now be still; yet, still believe me,
Thy grief more than death doth grieve me.
If that any thought in me
Can taste comfort, but of thee;
Let me feed with hellish anguish,
And joyless, helpless, endless languish!
If those eyes you praised, be
Half so dear, as you to me,
Let me home return stark-blinded
Of those eyes, and blinder minded!
If to secret of my heart,
I do any wish impart,
Where thou art not foremost placed,
Be both wish and I defaced.

If more may be said, I say
All my life on thee I lay:
If thou love—my love content thee;
For, all love, all faith is meant thee.
Trust me, while I thee deny,
In myself the smart I try.
Tyrant honour thus doth use thee,
Stella's self might not refuse thee.
Therefore, dear, this no more move,
Lest, (though I leave not thy love,
Which too deep in me is framed)
I should blush when thou art named.”

Therewithal, away she went;
Leaving him by passion rent
With what she had done and spoken,
That therewith my song is broken.

S O N N E T.

ONLY joy, now here you are,
Fit to hear and ease my care;
Let my whispering voice obtain
Sweet reward, for sharpest pain.

Take me to thee, and thee to me—
No, no, no, no, my dear, let be.

Night hath closed all in her cloak,
Twinkling stars love-thoughts provoke,
Danger hence good care doth keep,
Jealousy itself doth sleep.

Take me, &c.

Better place no wit can find,
Cupid's yoke to loose, or bind:
These sweet flow'rs on fine bed too,
Us in their best language woo.

Take me, &c.

That you heard was but a mouse:
Dumb sleep holdeth all the house:
Yet, asleep, methinks they say,
“Young folks, take time while you may.”

Take me, &c.

Your fair mother is abed,
 Candles out, and curtains spread :
 She thinks you do letters write ;
 Write, but let me first indite.
 Take me, &c.

Sweet (alas!) why faine you thus?
 Concord better fitteth us ;
 Leave to Mars the force of hands,
 Your pow'r in your beauty stands.
 Take me, &c.

Woe to me! and do you fwear
 Me to hate! but I forbear!
 Curfed be my deft'nies all,
 That brought me to fo high a fall!
 Soon with my death I will please thee.—
 No! no! no! no! my dear, let be!

S O N N E T.

BECAUSE I breathe not love to every one,
 Nor do not use fuch colours for to wear,
 Nor nourish fpecial locks of vowed hair,
 Nor give each fpeech a full point of a groan;
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan
 Of them, who in their lips love's ftandards bear
 Where he? (fay they of me) now dare I fwear
 He cannot love! No, no; let him alone.

And think so still ! so Stella know my mind ;
Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art :
But you, fair maids, at length this truth shall find,
That his right badge is worn but in the heart :
Dumb swans, not chirping pies, do lovers prove;
They love indeed, who quake to say they love.

S O N G.

“ Who is it that this dark night,
Underneath my window plaineth ?”
It is one, who from thy sight,
Being (ah !) exil'd, disdaineth
Every other vulgar light.

“ Why, alas ! and are you he ?
Are not yet these fancies changed ?”
Dear, when you find change in me,
Though from me you be estranged,
Let my change to ruin be.

“ What if you new beauties see ?
Will not they stir new affection ?”
I will think they pictures be
(Image-like of faint perfection)
Poorly counterfeiting thee.

“ Peace! I think that some give ear,
Come, no more, lest I get anger.”
Blifs! I will my blifs forbear,
Fearing, sweet, you to endanger;
But my foul shall harbour there.

“ Well, begone; begone, I say,
Lest that Argus’ eyes perceive you.”
O! unjust is Fortune’s fway,
Which can make me thus to leave you,
And from louts to run away!

JOHN LILLY.

*The following extracts are taken from the "Six Court Comedies,"
written by this author, and published by Blount, in 1632.*

S O N G.

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail?
Oh 'tis the ravish'd nightingale.
Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu, she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.

Brave prick song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear;
Now at heaven's gates she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.

Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat,
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his note;
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
Cuckoo, to welcome in the spring.

S O N G.

O FOR a bowl of fat Canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,
Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

O for a wench (I deal in faces
 And in other daintier things),
 Tickled am I with her embraces;
 Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
 Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;
 None is happy but a glutton,
 None an afs but who wants money.

CHORUS.

Wines indeed, and girls are good,
 But brave victuals feast the blood.
 For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer,
 Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

CUPID AND CAMPASPE.

CUPID and my Campaspe play'd
 At cards for kisses; Cupid paid:
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;
 Loses them too: then down he throws
 The coral of his lip, the rose
 Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how)
 With these the chrystal of his brow,
 And then the dimple of his chin;
 All these did my Campaspe win.

At last he set her both his eyes,
She won, and Cupid blind doth rise.
O Love! has she done thus to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me!

S O N G.

O YES! O yes! if any maid
Whom leering Cupid has betray'd
To frowns of spite, to eyes of scorn,
And would in madness now see torn
The boy in pieces; let her come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

O yes! O yes! has any lost
A heart which many a sigh hath cost?
Is any cozen'd of a tear
Which, as a pearl, Disdain doth wear?
Here stands the thief; let her but come
Hither, and lay on him her doom.

Is any one undone by fire,
And turn'd to ashes through desire?
Did ever any lady weep,
Being cheated of her golden sleep,
Stol'n by sick thoughts? the pirate's found,
And in her tears he shall be drown'd.
Read his indictment: let him hear
What he's to trust to: Boy, give ear.

S O N G

IN SAPPHO AND PHAON.

O CRUEL love! on thee I lay
 My curse, which shall strike blind the day :
 Never may sleep, with velvet hand,
 Charm thine eyes with sacred wand!
 Thy jailors shall be hopes and fears,
 Thy prison-mates, groans, sighs, and tears ;
 Thy play (to wear out weary times)
 Fantastic passions, vows, and rhimes.
 Thy bread be frowns, thy drink be gall,—

 Hope, like thy fool, at thy bed's head,
 Mock thee, 'till madness strike thee dead ;
 As, Phaon, thou dost me with thy proud eyes :
 In thee poor Sappho lives, for thee she dies.

VULCAN'S SONG.

MY shag-hair'd Cyclops come, let's ply
 Our Lemnian hammers lustily.
 By my wife's sparrows,
 I swear these arrows
 Shall fingering fly
 Through many a wanton's eye.

These headed are with golden blisses,
These silver ones feather'd with kisses,
But this of lead
Strikes a clown dead,
When in a dance
He falls into a trance,
To see his black-brow'd lass not bufs him,
And then whines out for death t' untrufs him.

(Samuel)

DANIEL.

SONNET.

his works appeared in
1602 and 1623; they
will be found in
the 3^d vol. of *Shal-*
-mer's collection; see
Retrospective Review
7- 227- 46, where
copious extracts will be
found. *The Censura liter-*
(vol. X) is minute and parti-
-cular respecting the list
of his works. Wood calls
him, the most noted
poet and historian of
his time.

Look, Delia, how w' esteem the half-blown rose,
The image of thy blush and summer's honour;
Whilst yet her tender bud doth undisclose
That full of beauty time bestows upon her.

No sooner spreads her glory in the air,
But straight her wide-blown pomp comes to de-
cline;

She then is scorn'd that late adorn'd the fair;
So fade the roses of those cheeks of thine.

No April can revive thy wither'd flowers,
Whose springing grace adorns thy glory now:
Swift speedy Time, feather'd with flying hours,
Dissolves the beauty of the fairest brow.
Then do not thou such treasure waste in vain,
But love now whilst thou may'st be lov'd again.

SONNET.

If this be love to draw a weary breath,

With downward looks, still reading on the earth
These sad memorials of my love's despair;

If this be love, to war against my foul,
 Lie down to wail, rise up to fight and grieve,
 The never-resting stone of care to roll,
 Still to complain my griefs, whilst none relieve;

If this be love, to clothe me with dark thoughts,
 Haunting untrodden paths to wail apart;
 My pleasures, horror, music, tragic notes,
 Tears in mine eyes, and sorrow at my heart;
 If this be love, to live a living death;
 Then do I love, and draw this weary breath.

S O N N E T.

ONCE may see when years shall wreck my wrong,
 When golden hairs shall change to silver wire;
 And those bright rays that kindle all this fire,
 Shall fail in force, their working not so strong.

Then beauty (now the burthen of my song)
 Whose glorious blaze the world doth so admire,
 Must yield up all to tyrant Time's desire;
 Then fade those flowers that deck'd her pride so long.

When if she grieve to gaze her in her glass,
 Which then presents her winter-wither'd hue,
 Go you, my verse, go tell her what she was;
 For what she was, she best shall find in you.
 Your fiery heat lets not her glory pass,
 But (Phoenix like) shall make her live anew.

S O N N E T.

BEAUTY, sweet love, is like the morning dew,
Whose short refresh upon the tender green,
Cheers for a time, but till the sun doth shew,
And straight 'tis gone as it had never been.

Soon doth it fade that makes the fairest flourish,
Short is the glory of the blushing rose :
The hue which thou so carefully dost nourish,
Yet which at length thou must be forc'd to lose.

When thou, furcharg'd with burthen of thy years,
Shall bend thy wrinkles homeward to the earth,
And when in beauty's lease, expir'd, appears
The date of age, the calends of our death—
But ah! no more—this must not be foretold,
For women grieve to think they must be old.

S O N N E T.

I MUST not grieve my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight whereon her youth might smile,
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.

And sport (sweet maid) in season of these years,
 And learn to gather flowers before they wither,
 And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
 Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither.

Lighten forth smiles to cheer the clouded air,
 And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise ;
 Pity and smiles do best become the fair,
 Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
 Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
 Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

O D E.

Now each creature joys the other,
 Passing happy days and hours,
 One bird reports unto another,
 In the fall of silent showers ;
 Whilst the earth (our common mother)
 Hath her bosom deck'd with flowers.

Whilst the greatest torch of heaven
 With bright rays warms Flora's lap,
 Making days and nights both even,
 Cheering plants with fresher sap ;
 My field of flowers quite bereaven,
 Wants refresh of better hap.

- - - - -

PASTORAL.

O HAPPY golden age!
Not for that rivers ran
With streams of milk, and honey dropt from trees;
Not for the earth did gage
Unto the husbandman
Her voluntary fruits, free, without fees;
Nor for no cold did freeze,
Nor any cloud beguile,
Th' eternal flow'ring spring,
Wherein liv'd every thing,
And whereon th' heavens perpetually did smile;
Not for no ship had brought
From foreign shores, or warres, or wares ill
fought:
But only, for that name,
That idle name of wind,
That idol of deceit, that empty found
Call'd honour, which became
The tyrant of the mind,
And so torments our nature without ground,
Was not yet vainly found:
Nor yet sad grief imparts,
Amidst the sweet delights
Of joyful amorous wights,
Nor were his hard laws known to freeborn
hearts:

But golden laws, like these,
Which nature wrote. That's lawful which
doth please.
Then amongst flowers and springs,
Making delightful sport,
Sate lovers, without conflict, without shame,
And nymphs and shepherds fings,
Mixing in wanton fort
Whisperings with songs, then kisses with the
fame
Which from affection came.
The naked virgin then
Her roses fresh reveals,
Which now her veil conceals.
The tender apples in her bosom seen,
And oft in rivers clear
The lovers with their loves conforing were.
Honour! thou first didst close
The spring of all delight,
Denying water to the amorous thirst.
Thou taught'st fair eyes to lose
The glory of their light,
Restrain'd from men, and on themselves re-
vers'd.
Thou, in a lawn didst first
Those golden hairs incase
Late spread unto the wind.
Thou madest loose grace unkind,
Gav'st bridle to their words, art to their pace.

•

•

Oh honour! it is thou
Who mad'st that stealth which love does free
allow,
It is thy work that brings
Our griefs and torments thus.
But, thou fierce lord of nature and of love,
The qualifier of kings,
What dost thou here with us
That are below thy power, shut from above?
Go, and from us remove,
Trouble the mighty's sleep,
Let us neglected, base,
Live still without thy grace,
And th' use of th' ancient happy ages keep!
Let's love! this life of ours
Can make no truce with Time, that all devours.

N. BRETTON.

*Lowndes mentions 45
works of this often
curious writer.*

The following pieces are extracted from England's Helicon.

A PASTORAL OF

PHILLIS AND CORYDON.

ON a hill there grows a flower,
Fair befall the dainty sweet !
By that flower there is a bower,
Where the heavenly muses meet.

In that bow'r there is a chair,
Fringed all about with gold,
Where doth sit the fairest fair
That ever eye did yet behold.

It is Phillis, fair and bright,
She that is the shepherd's joy,
She that Venus did despite,
And did blind her little boy.

Who would not this face admire ?
Who would not this faint adore ?
Who would not this sight desire,
Though he thought to see no more ?

O fair eyes, yet let me see
One good look, and I am gone :
Look on me, for I am he,
Thy poor silly Corydon.

Thou, that art the shepherd's queen,
Look upon thy filly fwain ;
By thy comfort have been seen
Dead men brought to life again.

PHILLIDA AND CORYDON.

IN the merry month of May,
In a morn by break of day,
With a troop of damfels playing,
Forth I yode forfooth a maying.
When anon by a wood fide,
Where that May was in his pride,
I espied, all alone,
Phillida and Corydon.
Much ado there was, God wot,
He would love and she would not ;
She said, never man was true ;
He says, none was false to you.
He said, he had lov'd her long ;
She says, love should have no wrong.
Corydon would kifs her then ;
She says, maids must kifs no men,
Till they do for good and all ;
When she made the shepherd call
All the heavens to witness truth
Never lov'd a truer youth ;
Then with many a pretty oath,
Yea and nay, and faith and troth,

Such as feely shepherds use
When they will not love abuse ;
Love that had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded ;
And Phillida with garlands gay,
Was made the lady of the May.

THE SHEPHERD'S ADDRESS TO HIS MUSE.

Good muse, rock me asleep
With some sweet harmony :
This weary eyes is not to keep
Thy wary company.

Sweet love, begone a while,
Thou feest my heaviness :
Beauty is born but to beguile
My heart of happiness.

See how my little flock,
That lov'd to feed on high,
Do headlong tumble down the rock,
And in the valley die.

The bushes and the trees,
That were so fresh and green,
Do all their dainty colours leese,
And not a leaf is seen.

The black-bird and the thrush,
That made the woods to ring,
With all the rest, are now at hush,
And not a note they sing.

Sweet Philomel, the bird
That hath the heavenly throat,
Doth now, alas! not once afford
Recording of a note.

The flowers have had a frost,
The herbs have lost their favour;
And Phillida the fair hath lost
For me her wonted favour.

Thus all these careful fights
So kill me in conceit,
That now to hope upon delights
It is but mere deceit.

And therefore, my sweet muse,
That know'st what help is best,
Do now thy heavenly cunning use
To set my heart at rest.

And in a dream bewray
What fate shall be my friend;
Whether my life shall still decay,
Or when my sorrows end.

P. H. FLETCHER.

Phineas.

L O V E.

*a notice of his purple island
in a steamed form, will be found
in the Retrospect. Review + 2/341***L**OVE's sooner felt than seen, his substance thinner

Betwixt those snowy mounts in ambush lies;
Oft in the eyes he spreads his subtle ginne,
He therefore soonest wins that fastest flies.

Fly thence, my dear, fly fast, my Thomabine,
Who him encounters once, forever dies.

But if he lurk between the ruddy lips,
Unhappy soul, that thence his nectar sips,
While down into his heart the sugar'd poison slips.

Oft in a voice he creeps down thro' the ear,

Oft from a blushing cheek he lights his fire :
Oft shrouds his golden flame in likest hair;

Oft in a soft smooth skin does close retire :
Oft in a smile : oft in a silent tear :

And if all fails, yet virtue's self he'll hire.

Himself's a dart, when nothing else can move :
Who then the captive soul can well reprove,
When love and virtue's self become the darts of love.

VERSES BY QUEEN ELIZABETH.

I GRIEVE, yet dare not shew my discontent,
 I love, and yet am forc'd to seem to hate;
 I do, yet dare not say I ever meant,
 I seem stark mute, but inwardly do prate.
 I am, and not, I freeze, and yet am burn'd,
 Since from myself my other self I turn'd.

My care is like my shadow in the sun,
 Follows me flying, flies when I pursue it;
 Stands and lies by me, does what I have done;
 This too familiar care doth make me rue it.
 No means I find to rid him from my breast,
 Till by the end of things it be suppress'd.

Some gentler passions steal into my mind,
 For I am soft, and made of melting snow;
 Or, be more cruel, love, and so be kind,
 Let me or float or sink, be high or low;
 Or let me live with some more sweet content,
 Or die, and so forget what love e'er meant.

*Sign'd, " Finis, Eliza, Regina, upon Mount Zeurs
 departure, Ashmol. Mus. MSS. 6969 (781.)
 p. 142.*

ANONYMOUS.

THE STURDY ROCK.

FROM PERCY'S COLLECTION.

THE sturdy rock, for all his strength,
By raging seas is rent in twain;
The marble stone is pierc'd, at length,
With little drops of drizzling rain;
The ox doth yield unto the yoke,
The steel obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stag, that seems so stout,
By yelping hounds at bay is set;
The swiftest bird that flies about,
At length is caught in fowler's net:
The greatest fish, in deepest brook,
Is soon deceived by subtle hook.

Yea, man himself, unto whose will
All things are bounden to obey,
For all his wit and worthy skill,
Doth fade at length, and fall away.
There is nothing but time doth waste,
The heav'ns, the earth, consume at last.

But virtue sits triumphing still
Upon the throne of glorious fame ;
Though spiteful death man's body kill,
Yet hurts he not his virtuous name.
By life or death whate'er betides,
The state of virtue never slides.

THE PRAISE OF AMARGANA.

THE sun, the season, in each thing
Revives new pleasures ; the sweet spring
Hath put to flight the winter keen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The paths where Amargana treads
With flow'ry tapestries Flora spreads,
And nature clothes the ground in green,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The groves put on their rich array,
With hawthorn-blooms embroider'd gay,
And sweet-perfumed with eglantine,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The silent river stays his course,
Whilst, playing in the chrystal source,
The silver-scaled fish are seen
To glad our lovely summer queen.

The woods at her fair fight rejoice,
The little birds, with their loud voice,
In concert on the branches been,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

Great Pan, our god, for her dear sake,
This feast and meeting bids us make,
Of shepherd lads, and lasses sheen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

And every swain his chance doth prove,
To win fair Amargana's love;
In sporting strifes, quite void of spleen,
To glad our lovely summer queen.

All happiness let Heav'n her lend,
And all the Graces her attend;
Thus bid me pray the Muses nine,
Long live our lovely summer queen.

R. GREEN.

SAMELA.

LIKE to Diana in her summer-weed,
Girt with a crimson robe of brightest die,
Goes fair Samela;
Whiter than be the flocks that straggling feed,
When, wash'd by Arethusa, faint they lie,
Is fair Samela.

As fair Aurora in her morning gray,
Deck'd with the ruddy glister of her love,
Is fair Samela;
Like lovely Thetis on a calmed day,
When as her brightness Neptune's fancies move,
Shines fair Samela.

Her tresses gold, her eyes like glassy streams,
Her teeth are pearl, breasts are ivory
Of fair Samela;
Her cheeks like rose and lily yield forth gleams,
Her brows' bright arches fram'd of ebony;
Thus fair Samela.

Passeth fair Venus in her brightest hue,
And Juno in the shew of majesty;
For she's Samela;
Pallas in wit: all three, if well you view
For beauty, wit, and matchless dignity,
Yield to Samela.

ANONYMOUS.

FROM ENGLAND'S HELICON.

TITYRUS TO HIS FAIR PHILLIS.

THE filly swain, whose love breeds discontent,
 Thinks death a trifle, life a loathsome thing;
 Sad he looks, sad he lies :
 But when his fortune's malice doth relent,
 Then of love's sweetness he will sweetly sing :
 Thus he lives, thus he dies.

Then Tityrus, whom love hath happy made,
 Will rest thrice happy in this myrtle shade :
 For tho' love at first did grieve him,
 Yet did love at last relieve him,

or Willoughby

WILLOBY. (Henry)

Aviza, or the true picture of
a modest maide and of a chaste and
constant wife. a poem in
six lines stanzas.

FROM HIS AVIZA.

1st ed. 1594. 96, 1605
1609

See Wood Ath. Oxon.
& Ritson bibl. poet.

The Aviza consists of a
great number of short
cantos written to exemplify
and recommend the cha-
racter of a chaste woman
under all the temptations
to which the various situations
incident to her life, expose
her. Aviza means Amans
vixor inviolata semper amata.

The poem displays not any
vivid delineation of passion,
but it occasionally unfolds
a pleasing vein of description,
and both the diction and
metre are uniformly clear,
correct, and flowing. The versification

WHAT sudden chance or change is this,
That doth bereave my quiet rest?
What furly cloud eclips'd my blifs?
What sprite doth rage within my breast?
Such fainty qualms I never found,
Till first I saw this western ground.
My listless limbs do pine away,
Because my heart is dead within;
All lively heat I feel decay,
And deadly cold his room doth win.
My humours all are out of frame,
I freeze amid the burning flame.

I know the time, I know the place,
Both when and where my eye did view
That novel shape, that friendly face,
That so doth make my heart to rue.
O happy time, if she incline!
If not, woe worth these luckless eyne!

may be pronounced for the age in which it appeared peculiarly sweet and well modulated

I love the feat where she did sit,
I kiss the grafs where she did tread;
Methinks I see that face as yet,
And eyes that all these turmoils bred.
I envy, that this feat, this ground,
Such friendly grace and favour found.

I dreamt of late, (God grant the dream
Portend my good!) that she did meet
Me on this green, by yonder stream,
And, smiling, did me friendly greet.
Whe'er wand'ring dreams be just or wrong,
I mean to try ere it be long.

But yonder comes my faithful friend,
That like assaults hath often tried,
On his advice I will depend,
Whe'er I shall win or be denied.
And look, what counsel he shall give,
That will I do, whe'er die or live.

TO HIS AVIZA.

I FIND it true, that some have said,
"It's hard to love and to be wife."
For wit is oft by love betray'd,
And brought asleep by fond devise.
Sith faith no favour can procure,
My patience must my pain endure.

As faithful friendship mov'd my tongue,
Your secret love and favour crave,
And, as I never did you wrong,
This last request so let me have;
Let no man know that I did move,
Let no man know that I did love.

That will I say, this is the worst,
When this is said, then all is past;
Thou, proud Aviza, wert the first,
Thou, hard Aviza, art the last.
Though thou in sorrow make me dwell,
Yet love will make me wish thee well.

C. MARLOW.

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dale and field,
 And all the craggy mountains yield.
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks;
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.
 There will I make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle,
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;
 A gown made of the finest wool,
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
 Slippers lin'd choicely for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold;
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs:
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.
 The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
 For thy delight, each May morning:
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

A FRAGMENT

FROM ENGLAND'S PARNASSUS.

I WALKED along a stream, for pureness rare,
Brighter than sunshine, for it did acquaint
The dullest sight with all the glorious prey,
That in the pebble-paved channel lay.

No molten chrystal, but a richer mine,
E'en nature's rarest alchemy ran there,
Diamonds resolv'd, and substance more divine,
Through whose bright gliding current might appear

A thousand naked nymphs, whose ivory shine,
Enamelling the banks, made them more dear
Than ever was that glorious palace-gate,
Where the day-shining sun in triumph fate,

Upon this brim, the eglantine and rose,
The tamarisk, olive, and the almond tree,
As kind companions in one union grows,
Folding their twind'ring arms, as oft we see
Turtle-taught lovers, either other close,
Lending to dulness feeling sympathy.

And as a costly vallance o'er a bed,
So did their garland tops the brook o'erspread,

Their leaves, that differ'd both in shape and show,
Though all were green, yet difference such in
green,
Like to the checker'd bent of Iris' bow,
Prided the running main, as it had been——

LORD BROOK.

I, with whose colours Myra drest her head,
 I, that wore posies of her own hand-making,
 I, that mine own name in the chimnies read,
 By Myra finely wrought ere I was waking,
 Must I look on, in hope time coming may
 With change bring back my turn again to play?

I that on Sunday at the church-stile found
 A garland sweet, with true-love-knots in flow'rs,
 Which I to wear about my arm was wont,
 That each of us might know that all was ours,
 Must I now lead an idle life in wishes,
 And follow Cupid for his loaves and fishes?

I, that did wear the ring her mother left,
 I, for whose love she gloried to be blamed,
 I, with whose eyes her eyes committed theft,
 I, who did make her blush when I was named,
 Must I lose ring, flowers, blush, theft, and go naked,
 Watching with sighs till dead love be awaked?

I, that when drowsy Argus fell asleep,
 Like jealousy o'er-watched by desire,
 Was ever warned modesty to keep,
 While her breath speaking kindled nature's fire,
 Must I look on a-cold while others warm them?
 Do Vulcan's brothers in such fine nets arm them?

S O N G.

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads!
Away, poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of those that be asleep;
For Cupid is a merry god,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

Sweet Cupid's shafts, like destiny,
Do causeless good or ill decree;
Desert is borne out of his bow,
Reward upon his wing doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That love likes no laws but his own.

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And every day I read the same;
Where Honour Cupid's rival is,
There miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, that is the bow of Love;
And love as well thee foster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet faint, 'tis true, you worthy be,
Yet, without love, nought worth to me!

THE DREAM.

My senses all, like beacon's flame,
Gave alarm to desire,
To take arms in Cynthia's name,
And set all my thoughts on fire.

Up I start, believing well
To see if Cynthia were awake ;
Wonders I saw, who can tell ?
And thus unto myself I spake :

Sweet god, Cupid, where am I ?
That by pale Diana's light,
Such rich beauties do espy
As harm our senses with delight.

Am I borne up to the skies ?
See where Jove and Venus shine,
Shewing in her heavenly eyes
That desire is divine !

I stept forth to touch the sky,
I a god by Cupid's dreams,
Cynthia, who did naked lie,
Runs away, like silver streams

Leaving hollow banks behind,
Who can neither forward move ;
Nor, if rivers be unkind,
Turn away, or cease to love.

There stand I, like men that preach
From the execution-place,
At their death content to teach
All the world with their disgrace.

He that lets his Cynthia lie
Naked on a bed of play,
To say prayers ere she die,
Teacheth time to run away.

Let no love-defiring heart
In the stars go seek his fate,
Love is only Nature's art,
Wonder hinders love and hate.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand,
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant;
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
 And shines like rotten wood,
 Go, tell the church it shows
 What's good, and doth no good;
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting by others actions,
 Not lov'd unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition,
 That rule affairs of state,
 Their purpose is ambition,
 Their practice only hate.
 And if they once reply,
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust.
And with them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply
Give each of them the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over wiseness.
And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell phyfic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they yield reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they dare reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no foundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell manhood shakes off pity,
Tell virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing;
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the foul can kill.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY

TO THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD.

If that the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
And all complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter's reckoning yield;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cup, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs ;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last and love still breed,
Had joys no date—nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

DULCINA.

As at noon Dulcina rested
In her sweet and shady bower,
Came a shepherd and requested
In her lap to sleep an hour.
But from her look
A wound he took
So deep, that for a further boon
The nymph he prays ;
Whereto she says,
Forego me now, come to me soon.
But in vain she did conjure him
To depart her presence so,
Having a thousand tongues t' allure him,
And but one to bid him go.
When lips invite,
And eyes delight,

And cheeks as fresh as rose in June,
Persuade delay—
What boots to say,
Forego me now, come to me soon?

He demands, what time for pleasure
Can there be more fit than now?

She says, night gives love that leisure
Which the day doth not allow.

He says, the fight
Improves delight;
Which she denies; night's murky noon
In Venus' plays
Makes bold (she says);
Forego me now, come to me soon.

But what promise or profession
From his hands could purchase scope?
Who would sell the sweet possession
Of such beauty for a hope?
Or for the fight
Of lingering night
Forego the present joys of noon?
Tho' ne'er so fair
Her speeches were,
Forego me now, come to me soon.

How at last agreed these lovers?
She was fair, and he was young;
The tongue may tell what th' eye discovers,
Joys unseen are never sung.

Did she consent,
 Or he relent,
 Accepts he night, or grants she noon,
 Left he her a maid
 Or not, she said
 Forego me now, come to me soon.

THE SILENT LOVER.

PASSIONS are liken'd best to floods and streams;
 The shallow murmur, but the deep are dumb:
 So, when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover,
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.
 Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart
 Who sues for no compassion.
 Since if my plaints were not t' approve
 The conquest of thy beauty,
 It comes not from defect of love,
 But fear t' exceed my duty.
 For, knowing that I sue to serve,
 A faint of such perfection,
 As all desire, but none deserve
 A place in her affection,
 I rather choose to want relief,
 Than venture the revealing:
 Where glory recommends the grief,
 Despair disdains the healing.

Silence in love betrays more woe
Than words, though ne'er so witty;
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity.
Then wrong not, dearest to my heart,
My love for secret passion;
He smarteth most who hides his smart,
And fues for no compassion.

THE SHEPHERD'S DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

"SHEPHERD, what's love? I pray thee, tell!"
It is that fountain, and that well,
Where pleasure and repentance dwell;
It is, perhaps, that fauncing bell
That tolls us all to heav'n or hell;
And this is love, as I heard tell.

"Yet, what is love? I pray thee, say!"
It is a work on holiday;
It is December match'd with May,
When lusty woods, in fresh array,
Hear, ten months after, of the play;
And this is love, as I hear say.

"Yet, what is love? good shepherd, faine?"
It is a sunshine mix'd with rain;
It is a tooth-ach, or like pain;
It is a game where none doth gain,

The lasſ faith, No, and would full fain !
And this is love, as I hear faine.

“ Yet, ſhepherd, what is love, I pray ? ”
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pretty kind of ſporting fray ;
It is a thing will ſoon away ;
Then, nymphs, take ’vantage while ye may,
And this is love, as I hear fay.

“ Yet, what is love ? good ſhepherd, ſhow ! ”
A thing that creeps, it cannot go,
A prize that paſſeth to and fro,
A thing for one, a thing for moe ;
And he that proves ſhall find it ſo ;
And, ſhepherd, this is love I trow.

V E R S E S

FOUND IN HIS BIBLE.

EVEN ſuch is time ; which takes in truſt
Our youth, our joys, and all we have !
And pays us nought but age and duſt,
Which, in the dark and ſilent grave,
When we have wander’d all our ways,
Shuts up the ſtory of our days.
And from which grave, and earth, and duſt,
The Lord ſhall raiſe me up, I truſt.

IMITATION OF MARLOW.

COME live with me, and be my dear,
And we will revel all the year,
In plains and groves, on hills and dales,
Where fragrant air breeds sweetest gales.

There shall you have the beauteous pine,
The cedar and the spreading vine,
And all the woods to be a skreen,
Left Phebus kifs my summer's green.

The feat at your disport shall be,
Over some river, in a tree,
Where silver sands, and pebbles, sing
Eternal ditties with the spring.

There shall you see the nymphs at play,
And how the satyrs spend the day;
The fishes gliding on the sands,
Offering their bellies to your hands.

The birds with heavenly-tuned throats,
Possess wood's echo with sweet notes;
Which to your senses will impart
A music to inflame the heart.

Upon the bare and leafless oak,
The ring-dove's wooings will provoke
A colder blood than you possess,
To play with me, and do no less.

In bowers of laurel, trimly dight,
We will outwear the silent night,
While Flora busy is to spread
Her richest treasure on our bed.

Ten thousand glow-worms shall attend,
And all their sparkling lights shall spend,
All to adorn and beautify
Your lodging with more majesty

Then in mine arms will I inclose
Lily's fair mixture with the rose;
Whose nice perfections in love's play
Shall tune me to the highest key.

Thus, as we pass the welcome night
In sportful pleasures and delight,
The nimble fairies on the grounds
Shall dance and sing melodious sounds.

If these may serve for to entice
Your presence to love's paradise,
Then come with me, and be my dear,
And we will straight begin the year.

JAMES I.

My heart is full of love and joy,
And I am glad to see you here,
For you are my dear friend,
And I am glad to see you here.

My heart is full of love and joy,
And I am glad to see you here,
For you are my dear friend,
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My heart is full of love and joy,
And I am glad to see you here,
For you are my dear friend,
And I am glad to see you here.

JOSHUA SYLVESTER,

POET LAUREAT.

The works of this laborious but tiresome writer, form a large volume in folio, printed in 1641, and consisting principally of translations. In page 652, is inserted the "Soul's Errand," (which is usually attributed to Sir Walter Raleigh) under the Title of "The Lie," but strangely disfigured.

A CAUTION

FOR COURTLY DAMSELS.

BEWARE, fair maid, of mighty courtiers' oaths:

Take heed what gifts or favours you receive:

Let not the fading gloss of filken cloaths

Dazzle your virtues, or your fame bereave.

For once but leave the hold you have of grace,

Who will regard your fortune or your face?

Each greedy hand will strive to catch the flower,

When none regard the stalk it grows upon;

Baseness desires the fruit still to devour,

And leave the tree to stand or fall alone:

But this advice, fair creature, take of me,

Let none take fruit unless he'll have the tree.

*he is more generally
famed for his translation
of Oubartas' work than
for his own poems. Several
of his Sonnets are reprinted
in Brydges's Restituta
t. 2 p. 412. 422.*

*This Sonnet owes some
epithets and phrases to this
writer, see on this point
Dibdin, library companion
p. 704.*

Believe not oaths, nor much-protesting men ;
 Credit no vows, nor a bewailing song ;
 Let courtiers swear, forswear, and swear again,
 The heart doth live ten regions from the tongue :
 And, when with oaths and vows they make you
 tremble,
 Believe them least ! for then they most dissemble.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile,
 I joy not much in earthly joys ;
 I seek not state, I reck not stile,
 I am not fond of fancy's toys ;
 I rest so pleas'd with what I have,
 I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack,
 I tremble not at noise of war,
 I swoon not at the news of wrack,
 I shrink not at a blazing star ;
 I fear not loss, I hope not gain ;
 I envy none, I none disdain.

I see ambition never pleas'd,
 I see some Tantals starv'd in store ;
 I see gold's dropfy seldom eas'd,
 I see e'en Midas gape for more.
 I neither want, nor yet abound :
 Enough's a feast ; content is crown'd.

I feign not friendship where I hate,
I fawn not on the great in show,
I prize, I praise a mean estate,
Neither too lofty nor too low;
This, this is all my choice, my cheer,
A mind content, a conscience clear.

THOU art not fair, for all thy red and white,
For all those rosy temp'ratures in thee,
Thou art not sweet, tho' made of mere delight,
Nor fair nor sweet, unless thou pity me.
I will not sooth thy follies, thou shalt prove
That beauty is not beauty, without love.

GEORGE WITHER.

an essay on this poet will be found in Lamb's works vol. 2. p. 127. = 136 Lowndes gives the titles of at least ninety works of his.

in the Bibliotheca anglo-poet. not fewer than 27 pages are occupied by a list of upwards of 40 of his pieces elaborately set out; see also Censura literaria vol. 1. 2. 5 & 6; British bibliographer vol. 1. 2 & 3.

This poet was born in 1588, and died in 1667. He was a most voluminous writer; but no complete edition of his works was ever published, although no author perhaps was ever more admired by his contemporaries. A list of his pieces is given at the end of a small pamphlet called, "Extracts from Juvenilia, &c. printed by George Bigg, 1785."

S O N G.

SHALL I, waiving in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care,
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May.
If she be not so for me,
What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pin'd,
'Cause I see a woman kind;
Or a well-disposed nature
Joined with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
The turtle-dove or pelican;
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings known,
Make me quite forget mine own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of best;
If she be not kind to me,
What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die?
Those that bear a noble mind
Where they want of riches find,
Think what with them they would do,
Who without them dare to woo;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go;
If she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be?

AMARYLLIS I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too;
Daphne for her love I chose;
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held as dear,
Yea, a thousand liked, well-near;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either;
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

LORDLY gallants, tell me this:
Though my safe content you weigh not,
In your greatness what one bliss
Have you gain'd, that I enjoy not?
You have honours, you have wealth,
I have peace, and I have health;
All the day I merry make,
And at night no care I take.

Bound to none my fortunes be;
This or that man's fall I fear not;
Him I love that loveth me;
For the rest a pin I care not.
You are sad when others chafe,
And grow merry as they laugh;
I, that hate it, and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleaseth me.

WANTONS! 'tis not your sweet eyings,
Forced passions, feigned dyings,
Gestures, temptings, tears, beguilings,
Dancings, fingings, kissings, smilings,
Nor those painted sweets, with which
You unwary men bewitch,
(All united, nor asunder)
That can compass such a wonder,
Or to win you love prevail,
Where her moving virtues fail.

Beauties! 'tis not all those features
Placed in the fairest creatures,
Though their best they should discover,
That can tempt, from her, a lover.
'Tis not those soft snowy breasts,
Where love, rock'd by pleasure, rests,
Nor the nectar that we sip
From a honey-dropping lip;
Nor those eyes whence beauty's lances
Wound the heart with wanton glances;
Nor those sought delights, that lie
In love's hidden treasury,
That can liking gain, where she
Will the best-beloved be.

For, should those who think they may
Draw my love from her away,

Bring forth all their female graces,
Wrap me in their close embraces ;
Practise all the arts they may,
Weep, or sing, or kifs, or pray ;
One poor thought of her would arm me
So as *Circe* could not harm me.
Since, besides those excellencies,
Wherewith others charm the senses,
She whom I have praised so,
Yields delight for reason too.
Who could doat on thing so common,
As mere outward-handfome woman ?
Those half-beauties only win
Fools to let affection in.
Vulgar wits, from reason shaken,
Are with fuch impostures taken ;
And, with all their art in love,
Wantons can but wantons move.

PHILARETE TO HIS MISTRESS.

HAIL! thou fairest of all creatures
Upon whom the sun doth shine ;
Model of all rarest features,
And perfection most divine:
Thrice, all hail! and blessed be
Those that love and honour thee.

Though a stranger to the muses,
Young, observed, and despised,
Yet, such art thy love infuses,
That I thus have poetized.
Read, and be content to see
Thy admired pow'r in me.

On this glass of thy perfection
If that any woman pry,
Let them thereby take direction
To adorn themselves thereby :
And if ought amiss they view,
Let them dress themselves anew.

This thy picture, therefore show I,
Naked, unto every eye ;
Yet no fear of rival know I,
Neither touch of jealousy ;
For, the more make love to thee,
I the more shall pleased be.

I am no Italian lover,
That will mew thee in a jail ;
But thy beauty I discover,
English-like, without a veil.
If thou may'st be won away,
Win and wear thee he who may.

Yet in this thou may'st believe me,
(So indifferent though I seem)
Death with tortures would not grieve me
More, than loss of thy esteem.
For, if virtue me forsake,
All a scorn of me will make.

Then, as I, on thee relying,
Do no changing fear in thee,
So, by my defects supplying,
From all changing keep thou me :
That unmatched we may prove,
Thou for beauty, I for love.

SAD eyes, what do you ail,
To be thus ill-disposed ?
Why doth your sleeping fail,
Now all men's eyes are closed ?
Was't I, that ne'er did bow
In any servile duty,
And will you make me now
A slave to love and beauty ?

What hopes have I, that she
Will hold her favours ever,
When so few women be
That constant can persevere ?

Whate'er she do protest,
When fortunes do deceive me,
Then she, with all the rest,
I fear, alas, will leave me.

Shall then, in earnest truth,
My careful eyes observe her?
Shall I consume my youth,
And short my time to serve her?
Shall I, beyond my strength,
Let passion's torments move me?
To hear her say at length,
"Away—I cannot love thee."

O, rather let me die
Whilst I thus gentle find her;
'Twere worse than death if I
Should find she proves unkind!
One frown, though but in jest,
Or one unkindness feigned,
Would rob me of more rest
Than e'er could be regained.

But in her eyes I find
Such signs of pity moving,
She cannot be unkind,
Nor err, nor fail in loving.

And, on her forehead, this
Seems written to relieve me,
My heart no joy shall miss,
That love or she can give me.

And this shall be the worst
Of all that can betide me,
If I, like some, accurs'd,
Should find my hopes deride me;
My cares shall not be long;
I know which way to mend them:
I'll think who did the wrong,
Sigh, break my heart, and end them.

THE STEDFAST SHEPHERD.

HENCE, away, thou fyren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms);
Fie, fie, forbear,
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be,
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest :
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon-enamour'd swain :
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestow'd on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye :
Shew not me a painted beauty,
These impostures I defy :
My spirit loaths
Where gaudy cloaths,
And feigned oaths, may love obtain :
I love her so,
Whose look swears no ;
That all thy labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies
Which on every breast are worn,
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn ?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,

That is the pride of Cynthia's train :

Then stay thy tongue,

Thy mermaid song

Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool that basely dallies

Where each peasant mates with him ;

Shall I haunt the thronged valleys,

Whilst there's nobler hills to climb ?

No, no ; though clowns

Are scar'd with frowns,

I know the best can but disdain :

And those I'll prove,

So will thy love

Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,

Where each lustful lad may woo :

Give me her, whose fun-like beauty

Buzzards dare not soar unto :

She, she it is

Affords that bliss

For which I would refuse no pain :

But such as you,

Fond fools, adieu ;

You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me then, you fyrens, leave me,

Seek no more to work my harms ;

Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,

Who am proof against your charms :

You labour may
To lead astray
The heart that constant shall remain ;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

 *The following Rhomboidal DIRGE, is inserted on account of its singularity.*

Ah me!
 Am I the fwain,
 That late, from sorrow free,
 Did all the cares on earth disdain?
 And still untouch'd, as at some safer games,
 Play'd with the burning coals of love and beauty's flames?
 Was't I, could dive, and found each passion's secret depth at will,
 And from those huge o'erwhelmings rise by help of reason still?
 And am I now, O heavens! for trying this in vain,
 So sunk that I shall never rise again?
 Then, let despair set sorrow's string
 For strains that doleful 'st be,
 And I will sing
 Ah me!

But why,
 O fatal time,
 Dost thou constrain, that I
 Should perish in my youth's sweet prime
 I, but a while ago, you cruel powers!
 In spite of fortune cropt contentment's sweetest flowers;
 And yet, unscorned, serve a gentle nymph, the fairest she
 That ever was lov'd of man, or eyes did ever see.
 Yea, one whose tender heart would rue for my distress,
 Yet I, poor I, must perish ne'ertheless;
 And, which much more augments my care,
 Unmoaned I must die,
 And no man e'er
 Know why!

Thy leave,
My dying song,
Yet take, ere grief bereave
The breath which I enjoy too long.
Tell thou that fair one this; my soul prefers
Her love above my life: and that I died hers.
And let him be for evermore to her remembrance dear,
Who lov'd the very thought of her, whilst he remained here.
And now farewell, thou place of my unhappy birth,
Where once I breath'd the sweetest air on earth.
Since me my wonted joys forsake,
And all my trust deceive,
Of all I take
My leave.

Farewel,
Sweet groves, to you!
You hills that highest dwell,
And all you humble vales, adieu!
You wanton brooks, and solitary rocks;
My dear companions all, and you my tender flocks!
Farewel, my pipe! and all those pleasing songs, whose moving strains
Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains.
You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart
Have, without pity, broke the truest heart,
Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,
That erst did with me dwell,
And others joy,
Farewel!

Adieu,
 Fair shepherdesses!
 Let garlands of sad yew
 Adorn your dainty golden tresses!
 I, that lov'd you, and often with my quill
 Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill,
 I, whom you loved so, and with a sweet and chaste embrace,
 Yea, with a thousand rarer favours would vouchsafe to grace,
 I now must leave you all alone, of love to plain;
 And never pipe nor never sing again.
 I must, for evermore, be gone,
 And therefore bid I you,
 And every one,
 Adieu!

I die!
 For, oh! I feel
 Death's horrors drawing nigh,
 And all this frame of nature reel.
 My hopeless heart, despairing of relief,
 Sinks underneath the heavy weight of saddest grief,
 Which hath so ruthless torn, so rack'd, so tortur'd every vein.
 All comfort comes too late to have it ever cur'd again.
 My swimming head begins to dance death's giddy round,
 A shuddering chillness doth each sense confound,
 Benumb'd is my cold sweaty brow,
 A dimness shuts my eye,
 And now, oh now,
 I die!

BEN JONSON.

S O N G.

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we may, the sweets of love;
 Time will not be ours for ever,
 He at length our good will sever;
 Spend not then his gifts in vain,
 Suns that set may rise again;
 But if once we lose the light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night.
 Why should we defer our joys?
 Fame and rumour are but toys;
 Cannot we delude the eyes
 Of a few poor household spies?
 Or his easier ears beguile
 So removed by our wile?
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet theft to reveal,
 To be taken, to be seen,
 These have crimes accounted been.

SONG.

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

THE SWEET NEGLECT.

STILL to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd;
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Tho' art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not found.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loofely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art
That strike mine eye, but not mine heart.

HUE AND CRY AFTER CUPID.

BEAUTIES, have ye seen a toy,
Called Love; a little boy
Almost naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind?
If he be among ye, say;
He is Venus' run-away.

She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kifs,
How and where herself would wish:
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kifs, and another.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him among twenty:
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire:
Which, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip :
Over liver, lights, and heart,
Yet not stay in any part.
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver, hanging low,
Full of arrows, which outbrave
Dian's shafts, where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

Still the fairest are his fuel,
When his days are to be cruel ;
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood :
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to reason.

Trust him not ; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet :
All his practice is deceit,
Every gift is but a bait :
Not a kiss but poison bears,
And most treason's in his tears.

Idle minutes are his reign,
Then the straggler makes his gain,

By presenting maids with toys,
And would have you think them joys :
'Tis th' ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but shew him,
Though ye had a will to hide him:
Now, we hope ye'll not abide him,
Since ye hear this falser's play,
And that he is Venus' run-away.

WILLIAM BROWN,

Author of "Britannia's Pastorals," the "Shepherd's Pipe," &c.

*—A complete and beautiful edition of his works was published
in 1772, by T. Davies in Ruffel Street, Covent Garden.*

S O N G.

SHALL I tell you whom I love?

Hearken then a while to me :

And if such a woman move

As I now shall versifie,

Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,

That I love, and love alone.

Nature did her so much right,

As she scorns the help of art ;

In as many virtues dight

As e'er yet embraced a heart ;

So much good, so truly tried,

Some for less were deified.

Wit she hath, without desire

To make known how much she hath :

And her anger flames no higher

Than may fitly sweeten wrath.

Full of pity as may be,

Though, perhaps, not so to me.

Reason masters every sense,
And her virtues grace her birth;
Lovely as all excellence,
Modest in her most of mirth;
Likelihood enough to prove
Only worth could kindle love.

Such she is; and if you know
Such a one as I have sung,
Be she brown, or fair, or so,
That she be but somewhat young;
Be assur'd 'tis she, or none,
That I love, and love alone.

THYRSIS'S PRAISE TO HIS MISTRESS.

ON a hill that grac'd the plain
Thyrsis fate, a comely swain,
Comelier swain ne'er graced a hill;
Whilst his flock, that wander'd nigh,
Cropt the green grafs busily,
Thus he tuned his oaten quill:

Ver hath made the pleasant field
Many several odours yield,
Odours aromatical:
From fair Aftra's cherry lip
Sweeter smells for ever skip,
They in pleasing passen all.

Leafy groves now mainly ring
With each sweet bird's sonnetting,
Notes that make the echos long :
But when Aftra tunes her voice,
All the mirthful birds rejoice,
And are list'ning to her song.

Fairly spreads the damask rose,
Whose rare mixture doth disclose
Beauties, pencils cannot feign.
Yet, if Aftra pass the bush,
Roses have been seen to blush ;
She doth all their beauties stain.

Fields are blest with flow'ry wreath,
Air is blest when she doth breathe,
Birds make happy every grove ;
She each bird when she doth sing ;
Phœbus, heat to earth doth bring,
She makes marble fall in love.

THE SYREN'S SONG.

IN THE INNER TEMPLE MASK.

STEER, hither steer, your winged pines,
All-beaten mariners !
Here lie love's undiscovered mines,
A prey to passengers.
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phoenix' urn and nest.

Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you, save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies 'till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves, our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be a while our guests;
For stars, gaze on our eyes;
The compass love shall hourly sing,
And, as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.
Then come on shore,
Where no joy dies 'till love hath gotten more.

BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

FROM THE TRAGEDY OF THE BLOODY BROTHER.

SONG.

TAKE, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day
Lights, that do mislead the morn.
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, tho' seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow
That thy frozen bosom bears;
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are of those that April wears;
But my poor heart first set free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

SONG

IN THE NICE VALOUR.

HENCE all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy!

Welcome folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sigh that, piercing, mortifies ;
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound.

Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves;
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls ;
 A midnight bell, a parting groan,
 These are the sounds we feed upon.
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley,
Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

S O N G

I N A M A S Q U E.

You should stay longer if we durst——
Away. Alas! that he who first
Gave time wild wings to fly away,
Has now no power to make him stay.
And though these games must needs be play'd,
I wish this pair, when they are laid,
 And not a creature nigh 'em,
Might catch his scythe as he does pass,
And clip his wings, and break his glass,
 And keep him ever by 'em.

S O N G

IN THE QUEEN OF CORINTH.

WEEP no more, nor sigh, nor groan,
 Sorrow recalls not time that's gone ;
 Violets pluck'd, the sweetest rain
 Makes not fresh nor grow again ;
 Trim thy locks, look cheerfully,
 Fate's hidden ends eyes cannot see ;
 Joys, as winged dreams, fly fast,
 Why should sadness longer last ?
 Grief is but a wound to woe,
 Gentlest fair! mourn, mourn, no more.

D U E T

IN THE CAPTAIN.

“ TELL me, dearest, what is love ?”

’Tis a lightning from above ;

’Tis an arrow, ’tis a fire ;

’Tis a boy they call Desire ;

’Tis a grave

Gapes to have

Those poor fools that long to prove.

“ Tell me more, are women true ?”

Yes, some are, and some as you.

Some are willing, some are strange,

Since you men first taught to change;

And till troth

Be in both,

All shall love, and love anew.

“ Tell me more yet, can they grieve ?”

Yes, and sicken fore, but live,

And be wise, and delay

When you men are wise as they :

“ Then I see

“ Faith will be

“ Never till they both believe.”

S O N G

IN THE ELDER BROTHER.

BEAUTY clear and fair,

Where the air

Rather like a perfume dwells,

Where the violet and the rose

Their blue veins in blush disclose,

And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live but near

Planted there,

Is still to live and still live new.

Where to gain a favour is

More than light's perpetual bliss;

O make me live by serving you !

S O N G

IN A WIFE FOR A MONTH.

LET those complain that feel love's cruelty,
And in sad legends write their woes ;
With roses gently he corrected me ;
My war is without rage or blows ;
My mistress' eyes shine fair on my desires,
And hope springs up inflam'd with her new fires.

No more an exile will I dwell,
With folded arms and sighs all day,
Reck'ning the torments of my hell,
And flinging my sweet joys away.
I am call'd home again to quiet peace,
My mistress smiles, and all my sorrows cease.

Yet what is living in her eye,
Or being blest with her sweet tongue,
If these no other joys imply ?
A golden gyve, a pleasing wrong.
To be your own but one poor month, I'd give
My youth, my fortune, and then leave to live.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

SONNET TO SLEEP.

SLEEP, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
 Prince, whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings;
 Sole comforter to minds with grief oppress'd.
 Lo! by thy charming rod all breathing things
 Lie slumbering with forgetfulness possess'd;
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
 Thou sparest, alas! who cannot be thy guest.
 Since I am thine, oh! come, but with that face,
 To inward light, which thou art wont to shew,
 With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
 Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeathe,
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wast, when thou didst grow
 With thy green mother in some shady grove,
 When immelodious winds but made thee move,
 And birds on thee their ramage did bestow.
 Sith that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
 Which used in such harmonious strains to flow,
 Is rest from earth to tune those spheres above,
 What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stop a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
Be therefore silent as in woods before.
Or that if any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

DEAR quirister, who from those shadows fends,
Ere that the blushing morn dare shew her light,
Such sad lamenting strains, that night attends
(Become all ear), stars stay to hear thy plight;
If one, whose grief even reach of thought transcends,
Who ne'er, not in a dream, did taste delight,
May thee importune, who like case pretends,
And seems to joy in woe, in woe's despight;
Tell me, (so may thou fortune milder try,
And long, long sing!) for what thou thus complains,
Since winter's gone, and sun in dappled sky
Enamoured smiles on woods and flow'ry plains?
The bird, as if my questions did her move,
With trembling wings sigh'd forth, I love, I love.

S O N G.

RHOEBUS arise,
And paint the fable skies
With azure, white, and red :
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed,
That she may thy career with roses spread.
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing,
Making eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world that lieth dead.
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And, emperor like, decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair.
Chase hence the ugly night,
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear, and recompence my love!
Fair king, who all preserves,
But shew thy blushing beams ;
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shall see, than those which by Penéus' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now Flora decks herself in fairest guise.
If that, ye winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay ;
Let zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.

The winds all silent are,
And Phœbus in his chair
Enaffroning sea and air,
Makes vanish every star.
Night, like a drunkard, reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels.
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue;
Here is the pleasant place,
And nothing wanting is, save she, alas!

S O N N E T.

THrice happy he, who by some shady grove
Far from the clamorous world doth live, his own;
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the ill approve!
O how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flow'rs unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath!
How sweeter streams than poison drunk in gold!
The world is full of horrors, troubles, flights;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

SONNET.

SWEET spring, thou turn'st, with all thy goodly train,
 Thy head with flames, thy mantle bright with flow'rs;
 The zephyrs curl the green locks of the plain,
 The clouds for joy in pearls weep down their
 show'rs.

Dost turn, sweet youth! but (ah!) my pleasant hours
 And happy days, with thee come not again!
 The sad memorials only of my pain
 Do with thee turn, which turn my sweets to fours!
 Thou art the same which still thou wert before;
 Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,
 But she whose breath embalm'd thy wholesome air
 Is gone, nor gold nor gems can her restore.
 Neglected virtue! seasons go and come,
 While thine, forgot, lie closed in a tomb.

SONNET

TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

SWEET bird, that sing'st away the early hours,
 Of winters past, or coming, void of care,
 Well pleased with delights that present are;
 Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flow'rs:
 To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bow'rs
 Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
 And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare;
 A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.

What foul can be so sick, which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driv'n
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heav'n?
Sweet artless songster, thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres, yes, and to angels' lays.

THIS world a hunting is,
The prey poor man; the Nimrod fierce is death;
His speedy greyhounds are
Lust, sickness, envy, care,
Strife, that ne'er falls amiss,
With all those ills that haunt us while we've breath.
Now, if by chance we fly
Of these the eager chase,
Old age, with stealing pace,
Casts on his nets, and then we panting die,

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

Langbaine enumerates five-and-twenty plays written by this voluminous author. The following extracts are taken from his "Pleasant Dialogues and Drammas, &c." small 12mo. 1637.

S O N G.

PACK clouds away, and welcome day,
 With night we banish sorrow;
 Sweet air blow soft, larks mount aloft,
 To give my love good-morrow.
 Wings from the wind to please her mind,
 Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
 Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
 To give my love good-morrow,
 Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
 Sing birds in every furrow;
 And from each hill let music shrill
 Give my fair love good-morrow.
 Blackbird, and thrush, in every bush,
 Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
 You pretty elves, among yourselves,
 Sing my fair Love good-morrow.
 To give my Love good-morrow,
 Sing birds in every furrow.

SHEPHERD'S SONG.

WE that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate :
For courtly filks in cares are spent,
When country's ruffet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition ;
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold.
“ Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good-morrow.”

Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain ;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be stain'd in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lase,
As many merry hours doth passe
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls ;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties store,
One stomach feed at once, no more ;

And, when with homely fare we feast,
 With us it doth as well digest ;
 And many times we better speed,
 For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
 If we sometimes the willow wear,
 By subtle swains that dare forswear,
 We wonder whence it comes, and fear
 They've been at court, and learnt it there.

his poems were first published
in 1605; reprinted 1608, 1610,
1613, 1619, 1630, 1637

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

THE SHEPHERD'S DAFFODIL.

his language is free and perspi-
cuous; with less depth of feeling
than that which occasionally bursts
from Cowley. he is a less exorciating
hunter of conceits. A tinge of
grace and romance pervades much
of his poetry and even his pastorals
which exhibit the most fantastic
views of nature, sparkle with
elegant imagery. The nymphidia
is on his happiest characteristic
manner of airy and sportive
pageantry (Campbell)

“ GORBO, as thou cam’st this way,
“ By yonder little hill,
“ Or as thou through the fields didst stray
“ Saw’st thou my Daffodil?
“ She’s in a frock of Lincoln green,
“ The colour maids delight,
“ And never hath her beauty seen
“ But through a veil of white.
“ Than roses richer to behold,
“ That drefs up lovers’ bow’rs,
“ The pansie and the marigold,
“ Though Phœbus’ paramours.”

Thou well describ’st the Daffodil :
It is not full an hour
Since by the spring, on yonder hill,
I saw that lovely flower.

“ Yet with my flower thou didst not meet,
“ Nor news of her dost bring,
“ Yet is my Daffodil more sweet
“ Than that by yonder spring.”

I saw a shepherd that doth keep
In yonder field of lilies,
Was making, as he fed his sheep,
A wreath of daffodillies,

“ Yet, Gorbo, thou delud’st me still,
“ My flow’r thou didst not see,
“ For know, my pretty Daffodil
“ Is worn of none but me.”

Through yonder vale as I did pass,
Descending from the hill,
I met a smirking bonny lass,
They call her Daffodil.

Whose presence, as along she went,
The pretty flow’rs did greet,
As though their heads they downward bent
With homage to her feet.

And all the shepherds that were nigh,
From top of every hill,
Unto the valleys loud did cry,
There goes sweet Daffodil !

“ I, gentle shepherd, now with joy
“ Thou all my flock dost fill ;
“ Come, go with me, thou shepherd’s boy,
“ Let us to Daffodil.”

S O N N E T.

SINCE there's no help, come let us kifs and part,
Nay, I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so clearly I myself can free ;
Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.
Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,
Now if thou would'st, when all have giv'n him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

TO MY COY LOVE.

I PRAY thee, love, love me no more,
Call home the heart you gave me ;
I but in vain that faint adore,
That can, but will not, save me :
These poor half kisses kill me quite,
Was ever man thus served ?
Amidst an ocean of delight,
For pleasure to be starved.

Shew me no more those snowy breasts,
With azure rivers branched,
Where whilst mine eye with plenty feasts,
Yet is my thirst not stanch'd.
O, Tantalus! thy pains ne'er tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagu'd in hell,
But thus in heav'n tormented.

Clip me no more in those dear arms,
Nor thy life's comfort call me;
O, these are but too powerful charms,
And do but more enthrall me.
But see how patient I am grown,
In all this coyle about thee;
Come, nice thing, let thy heart alone,
I cannot live without thee.

D O N N E.

S O N G

Go, and catch a falling star,
 Get with child a mandrake root,
 Tell me where all past times are,
 Or who cleft the Devil's foot;
 Teach me to hear mermaids singing,
 Or to keep off envy's stinging,
 And find
 What wind
 Serves to advance an honest mind.

If thou be'st born to see strange sights,
 Things invisible, go see;
 Ride ten thousand days and nights,
 Till age snow white hairs on thee,
 Thou, when thou return'st, will tell me
 All strange wonders that befel thee,
 And swear
 No where
 Lives a woman true and fair.

If thou find'st one, let me know,
 Such a pilgrimage were sweet;
 Yet do not, I would not go,
 Tho' at next door we might meet.

Though she were true when you met her,
And last till you write your letter,
Yet she
Will be
False ere I come to two or three.

S O N G.

I NEVER stoop'd so low as they
Which in an eye, cheek, lip, can prey,
Seldom to them who soar no higher
Than virtue or the mind t' admire;
For sense and understanding may
Know what gives fuel to their fire.
My love, tho' filly, is more brave,
For, may I miss whene'er I crave,
If I know yet what I would have.

DAVISON.

CUPID'S PASTIME.

FROM PERCY'S COLLECTION.

*his poetical rhapsodies was reprinted
by Sir Egerton Brydges - the edition
of 1611 produced 7 £17 at Bindley's
Sale.*

It chanc'd of late a shepherd swain,
That went to seek his straying sheep,
Within the thicket, on the plain,
Espied a dainty nymph asleep.

Her golden hair o'erspread her face,
Her careless arms abroad were cast,
Her quiver had her pillow's place,
Her breast lay bare to every blast.

The shepherd stood and gaz'd his fill,
Nought durst he do, nought durst he say;
When chance, or else perhaps his will,
Did guide the God of Love that way.

The crafty boy thus sees her sleep,
Whom if she wak'd he durst not see,
Behind her closely seeks to creep,
Before her nap should ended be.

There come, he steals her shafts away,
And puts his own into their place;
Nor dares he any longer stay,
But ere she wakes hies thence apace.

Scarce was he gone but she awakes,
And spies the shepherd standing by,
Her bended bow, in haste she takes,
And at the simple swain lets fly.

Forth flew the shaft, and pierc'd his heart,
That to the ground he fell with pain;
But up again forthwith he starts,
And to the nymph he ran amain.

Amaz'd to see so strange a fight,
She shot, and shot, but all in vain ;
The more his wounds, the more his might,
Love yielded strength amidst his pain.

Her angry eyes were great with tears,
She blames her hand, she blames her skill,
The bluntness of her shafts she fears,
And try them on herself she will.

Take heed, sweet nymph, try not thy shaft,
Each little touch will pierce thy heart ;
Alas ! thou know'st not Cupid's craft,
Revenge is joy, the end is smart.

Yet try she will, and pierce some bare,
Her hands were glov'd, but next her hand
Was that fair breast, that breast so rare,
That made the shepherd senseless stand.

That breast she pierc'd, and through the breast
Love found an entry to her heart;
At feeling of this new-come guest,
Lord! how the gentle nymph did start.

She runs not now, she shoots no more.
Away she throws both shaft and bow;
She seeks for what she shunn'd before,
She thinks the shepherd's haste too slow.

Though mountains meet not, lovers may,
What other lovers do did they;
The God of Love sat on a tree,
And laugh'd that pleasant fight to see.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT,

*Brother of Francis Beaumont, and author of Bosworth Field,
and other poems, 1629.*

A DESCRIPTION OF LOVE.

LOVE is a region full of fires,
And burning with extreme desires;
An object seeks, of which possess'd
The wheels are fix'd, the motions rest,
The flames in ashes lie oppress'd.
This meteor, striving high to rise,
The fuel spent falls down and dies.

Why then should lovers (most will say)
Expect so much th' enjoying day?
Love is like youth : he thirsts for age,
He scorns to be his mother's page;
But when proceeding times assuage
The former heat, he will complain,
And wish those pleasant hours again.

We know that Hope and Love are twins;
Hope gone, fruition now begins:
But what is this? unconstant, frail,
In nothing sure, but sure to fail,
Which, if we lose it, we bewail;
And when we have it, still we bear
The worst of passions, daily fear!

When Love thus in his center ends,
Desire and Hope, his inward friends,
Are shaken off; while Doubt and Grief,
The weakest givers of relief,
Stand in his council as the chief.
And now he to his period brought,
From Love becomes some other thought.

These lines I write not to remove
United souls from serious love :
The best attempts by mortals made
Reflect on things that quickly fade ;
Yet never will I men persuade
To leave affections, where may shine
Impressions of the love divine.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

OF MENSTRIE, EARL OF STERLIN.

The poems of this writer are remarkable for their elegance and purity. He was born in 1580, and died in 1640. The earliest English edition of his works was published in Quarto, 1607. It contains four tragedies in alternate rhyme, with choruses, viz. Croesus, Darius, the Alexandrian tragedy, and Julius Cæsar; a Parænesis to the Prince, and Aurora, a collection of sonnets. This last was never republished.

EXTRACT

FROM A SPEECH OF COELIA, IN THE TRAGEDY OF
CROESUS.

FIERCE tyrant, Death, that in thy wrath didst take
One half of me, and left a half behind,
Take this to thee, or give me t'other back,
Be altogether cruel, or all kind.

For whilst I live, thou canst not wholly die—
O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice!
Oft, with imagination's love-quick eye
I think I see thee, and I hear thy voice.

And to content my languishing desire,
Each thing, to ease my mind, some help affords :
I fancy whiles thy form—and then a fire,
In every sound I apprehend thy words.

Then, with such thoughts my memory to wound,
—I call to mind thy looks, thy words, thy grace—
Where thou didst haunt, I yet adore the ground !
And where thou stept—O sacred seems that place !

My solitary walks, my widow'd bed,
My dreary sighs, my sheets oft bath'd with tears,
These can record the life that I have led
Since first sad news breath'd death into my ears !

I live but with despair my sprite to dash ;
Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave ;
For my chaste flames extinguish'd in thy ash,
Can kindle now no more but in the grave !

EXTRACT

FROM A CHORUS IN JULIUS CAESAR.

THIS life of ours is like a rose,
Which, whilst it beauties rare array,
Doth then enjoy the least repose;
When, virgin-like, it blush we see,
Then is't of every hand the prey,
And by each wind is blown away;
Yea, though from violence 'scaped free,
Yet doth it languish and decay.
So, whilst the courage hottest boils,
And that our life seems best to be,
It is with danger compass't still,
Of which, though none it chance to kill,
As nature fails the body falls.

Since, as a ship amidst the deep,
Or as an eagle through the air,
Which of their way no impression keep,
Most swift, when seeming least to move,
This breath, of which we take such care,
Doth toss the body every where,
That it may hence with haste remove—
Life slips and sleeps always away,
Then whence, and as it came, goes bare,
Whose steps behind no trace do leave.—

Why should heav'n-banish'd souls thus love
The cause and bounds of their exile,
Where they as restless strangers stray?
And with such pain why should they reave
That which they have no right to have,
Which, with themselves, within short while,
As summer's beauties, must decay,
And can give nought except the grave?

S O N G

FROM THE *AURORA*.

O would to God a way were found,
That by some secret sympathy unknown,
My fair my fancy's depth might sound,
And know my state as clearly as her own!
Then blest, most blest were I,
No doubt, beneath the sky,
I were the happiest wight;
For if my state they knew,
It ruthless rocks would rue,
And mend me if they might.

The deepest rivers make least din,
The silent soul doth most abound in care,
Then might my breast be read within,
A thousand volumes would be written there.

Might silence shew my mind,
Sighs tell how I were pin'd;
Or looks my woes relate,
Then any pregnant wit,
That well remarked it,
Would soon discern my state.

Oft those that do deserve disdain,
For forging fancies get the best reward;
When I, who feel what they do feign,
For too much love am had in no regard.
Behold, by proof we see,
The gallant living free,
His fancies doth extend;
Where he that is o'ercome,
Rein'd with respects, stands dumb,
Still fearing to offend.

Then since in vain I plaints impart
To scornful ears, in a contemned scroll,
And since my tongue betrays my heart,
And cannot tell the anguish of my soul,
Henceforth I'll hide my losses,
And not recount the crosses
That do my joys o'erthrow;
At least, to senseless things,
Mounts, vales, woods, floods, and springs,
I shall them only show.

Ah! unaffected lines,
 True models of my heart;
 The world may see that in you shines
 The power of passion, more than art.

WILLIAM BURTON.

THE ABSTRACT OF MELANCHOLY,

PREFIXED TO THE ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY.

WHEN I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, and void of care,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet;
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking, all alone,
Recounting what I have ill done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannize,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act, and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile;
By a brook-side, or wood so green,
Unheard, unfought for, and unseen,

A thousand pleasures do me blefs,
And crown my foul with happinefs.
All my joys besides are folly,
None fo sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, fit, or walk alone,
I figh, I grieve, making great moan,
In a dark grove, or irksome den,
With difcontents and furies, then
A thousand miferies at once
Mine heavy heart and foul enfconce.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
None fo four as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I fee,
Sweet mufic, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities fine,
Here now, then there, the world is mine;
Rare beauties, gallant ladies fhine,
Whate'er is lovely or divine.

All other joys to this are folly,
None fo sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I fee
Ghosts, goblins, fiends, my phantafie
Presents a thousand ugly fhapes,
Headlefs bears, black men, and apes,
Doleful outcries, fearful fights,
My sad and difmal foul affrights.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
ne fo damn'd as melancholy.

Methinks I court, methinks I kifs,
Methinks I now embrace my mifs;
O blessed days, O sweet content,
In paradise my time is spent!
Such thought may still my fancy move,
So may I ever be in love!

All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I recount love's many frights,
My sighs and tears, my waking nights,
My jealous fits; O mine hard fate
I now repent, but 'tis too late.
No torment is so bad as love,
So bitter to my soul can prove.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so harsh as melancholy.

Friends and companions, get you gone:
'Tis my desire to be alone.
Ne'er well, but when my thoughts and I
Do domineer in privacy.
No gem, no treasure like to this,
'Tis my delight, my crown, my bliss.
All my joys to this are folly,
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

'Tis my sole plague to be alone,
I am a beast, a monster grown,
I will no light nor company,
I find it now my misery.

The scene is turn'd, my joys are gone,
Fear, discontent, and sorrows come.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so fierce as melancholy.

I'll not change life with any king,
I ravish'd am! can the world bring
More joy, than still to laugh and smile,
In pleasant toys time to beguile?
Do not, O do not trouble me,
So sweet content I feel and see.

All my joys to this are folly,
None so divine as melancholy.

I'll change my state with any wretch
Thou canst from jail or dunghill fetch.
My pain's past cure; another hell;
I cannot in this torment dwell;
Now, desperate, I hate my life:
Lend me a halter or a knife.

All my griefs to this are jolly,
Nought so damn'd as melancholy.

CHARLES I.

The first is small, and very young,
 With a red nose, and a very round,<
 All the other children are jolly,
 And they are all very friendly.

I am small, and very young,
 I am small, and very young,
 With a red nose, and a very round,
 All the other children are jolly,
 And they are all very friendly.
 The first is small, and very young,
 With a red nose, and a very round.

THE LITTLE PRINCE

I change my face with my words,
 That each from joy or sorrow finds,
 My face is small, and very young,
 With a red nose, and a very round,
 All the other children are jolly,
 And they are all very friendly.
 The first is small, and very young,
 With a red nose, and a very round.

CAREW.

THINK not, 'cause men flattering say,
 Y^e are fresh as April—sweet as May;
 Bright as is the morning star,
 That you are so; or though you are,
 Be not therefore proud, and deem
 All men unworthy your esteem:
 For, being so, you lose the pleasure
 Of being fair, since that rich treasure
 Of rare beauty and sweet feature
 Was bestow'd on you by nature
 To be enjoy'd, and 'twere a sin
 There to be scarce, where she hath been
 So prodigal of her best graces:
 Thus common beauties, and mean faces,
 Shall have more pastime, and enjoy
 The sport you lose by being coy.
 Did the thing for which I sue
 Only concern myself, not you;
 Were men so framed as they alone
 Had all the pleasure, women none,
 Then had you reason to be scant;
 But, 'twere a madness not to grant
 That which affords (if you consent)
 To you, the giver, more content,

*In the whole circle of poets of the
 earlier part of the 17th century
 my attachment is not more warmly
 fastened upon any than it is upon
 Thomas Carew. The very soul of
 refined and exquisite passion breathes
 through some of the happier efforts
 of his Muse. Conceits he had but
 they were more than counterbalanced
 by innumerable beauties which
 extort our warmest applause.
 His works lie within a small
 compass; they were published the
 year after his death in 1640 in
 a small 8^o volume, again in 1642,
 and revised and enlarged in
 1651 (Dibdin)*

Than me, the beggar ; oh then be
Kind to yourself if not to me :
Starve not yourself, because you may
Thereby make me pine away ;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake :
For that lovely face will fail :
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail ;
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun ;
Most fleeting, when it is most dear ;
'Tis gone, while we but say 'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White, and cold as winter's snow.
That eye which now is Cupid's nest
Will prove his grave ; and all the rest
Will follow ; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose.
And what will then become of all
Those whom you now servants call ?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend,
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm. Be provident,
And think before the summer's spent
Of following winter. Like the ant
In plenty hoard for time of scant.

Cull out amongst the multitude
Of lovers that seek to intrude
Into your favour, one that may
Love for an age, not for a day ;
For, when the storms of time have moved
Waves on that cheek that was beloved ;
When a fair lady's cheek is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shined ;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never !
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
Oh, love me then ! and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute ;
For time and age will work that wrack,
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes,
The faded rose each spring receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves ;
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh then be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason ;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauty's flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

S O N G.

If the quick spirits in your eye
Now languish, and anon must die;
If every sweet, and every grace,
Must fly from that forsaken face,
Then, Celia, let us reap our joys,
Ere time such goodly fruit destroys.

Or, if that golden fleece must grow
For ever, free from aged snow;
If those bright suns must know no shade,
Nor your fresh beauties ever fade,
Then fear not, Celia, to bestow
What still being gather'd, still must grow.
Thus, either Time his sickle brings
In vain, or else in vain his wings.

When you the sun-burnt pilgrim see,
Fainting with thirst, haste to the springs;
Mark how, at first with bended knee,
He courts the chrystal nymphs, and flings
His body to the earth, where he
Prostrate adores the flowing deity.

But when his sweaty face is drench'd
In her cool waves; when from her sweet
Bosom his burning thirst is quench'd,
He kicks her banks, and from the place,
That thus refresh'd him, moves with fullen pace.

So shalt thou be despis'd, fair maid,
When by the fated lover tasted;
What first he did with tears invade,
Shall afterwards with scorn be wasted:
When all the virgin springs grow dry,
When no springs shall be left, but in thine eye.

S O N G.

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires;
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Ask me why I fend you here,
 This firstling of the winter year;
 Ask me why I fend to you
 This primrose, all bepearl'd with dew;
 I straight will whisper in your ears,
 The sweets of love are wash'd with tears.

Ask me why this flow'r doth shew
 So yellow, green, and sickly too,
 Ask me why the stalk is weak
 And bending, yet it doth not break;
 I must tell you, these discover
 What doubts and fears are in a lover.

THE INQUIRY.

AMONGST the myrtles as I walked,
 Love and my sighs thus intertalked:

“ Tell me (said I, in deep distress)

“ Where may I find my shepherdes?”

“ Thou fool (said Love), know'ft thou not this,

“ In every thing that's good she is?

“ In yonder tulip go and seek,

“ There may'ft thou find her lip, her cheek:

“ In yon enamell’d pansy by,
“ There thou shalt have her curious eye;
“ In bloomy peach, in rosy bud,
“ There wave the streamers of her blood.”

“ ’Tis true,” said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts a union:
But, on a sudden, all was gone,
With that I stopt; said Love, “ These be,
“ Fond man, resemblances of thee.

“ And, as these flow’rs, thy joys shall die,
“ Ev’n in the twinkling of an eye:
“ And all thy hopes of her shall wither
“ Like those short sweets thus knit together.”

GAZE not on thy beauty’s pride,
Tender maid, in the false tide
That from lover’s eye doth glide.

Let thy faithful chrystal show
How thy colours come and go;
Beauty takes a foil from woe.

Love, that under smooth streams lies,
Under Pity’s fair disguise,
Will thy melting heart surprise.

Nets, of passion's finest thread,
Snaring poems will be spread,
All to catch thy maidenhead.

Then, beware! for those that cure
Love's disease, themselves endure
For reward a calenture.

Rather let the lover pine,
Than his pale cheek should assign
A perpetual blush to thine.

BOLDNESS IN LOVE.

MARK how the bashful morn in vain
Courts the amorous marigold,
With fighting blasts, and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.

But, when the planet of the day
Approacheth, with his powerful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy!
If thy sighs and tears discover
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover.

But, when with moving accents, thou
Shalt constant faith and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

UNGRATEFUL BEAUTY THREATENED.

Know, Celia (since thou art so proud)
'Twas I that gave thee thy renown;
Thou hadst, in the forgotten crowd
Of common beauties, liv'd unknown,
Had not my verse exhal'd thy name,
And with it impt the wings of fame.

That killing power is none of thine,
I gave it to thy voice and eyes;
Thy sweets, thy graces, all are mine;
Thou art my star, shin'st in my skies:
Then dart not from thy borrow'd sphere.
Lightning on him that fix'd thee there.

Tempt me with such affrights no more,
Left what I made I uncreate,
Let fools thy mystic forms adore,
I'll know thee in thy mortal state.
Wise poets, that wrap truth in tales,
Know her themselves through all her veils.

S O N G.

W O N D E R not though I am blind,
For you must be
Dark in your eyes, or in your mind,
If, when you see
Her face, you prove not blind, like me!
If the powerful beams that fly
From her eye,
And those powerful sweets that lie
Scatter'd in each neighbouring part,
Find a passage to your heart ;
Then you'll confess your mortal fight
Too weak for such a glorious light.
For if her graces you discover,
You grow, like me, a dazzled lover :
But, if those graces you not spy,
Then are you blinder far than I.

SHIRLEY.

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

THE glories of our birth and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against fate;
 Death lays his icy hands on kings.
 Sceptre and crown
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still.
 Early or late,
 They stoop to fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath,
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
 Upon death's purple altar now,
 See where the victor victim bleeds.
 All heads must come
 To the cold tomb;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

HABINGTON.

S O N G.

*Habington, says Park,
appears as an amatory
poet to possess more
unaffected tenderness and
delicacy of sentiment than
either Carew or Waller;
Sir Egerton Brydges remarks
that Habington's poems are
almost every where tinged
with a deep moral cast
which ought to have
made their fame perma-
nent. His Castara
had three ed^{ns} 1634,
1635 and 1640; he wrote
also the Queen of
Oragon a tragi-comic
1640, &c.*

FINE young Folly, tho' you were
That fair beauty I did swear,
Yet you ne'er could touch my heart;
For we courtiers learn at school,
Only with your sex to fool—
You're not worth the serious part.

When I sigh and kiss your hand,
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye:
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear the sun ne'er shot such fires,
All is but a handsome lie.

When I eye your curl or lace,
Gentle soul, you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit;
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin,
When I talk to shew my wit.

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud,
Nor to check my love grow proud,
For in sooth, I much do doubt
'Tis the powder on your hair,
Not your breath, perfumes the air,
And your cloaths that set you out.

Yet though truth has this confests'd,
And I vow, I love in jest,
When I next begin to court,
And protest an amorous flame,
You will swear I in earnest am,
Bedlam! this is pretty sport.

S O N G.

Not the phoenix in his death,
Nor those banks where violets grow,
And Arabian winds still blow,
Yield a perfume like her breath.
But, O! marriage, makes the spell,
And 'tis poison if I smell.

The twin beauties of the skies,
(When the half-funk sailors haste
To rend sail and cut their mast)
Shine not welcome as her eyes;
But those beams, than storms more black,
If they point at me, I wrack.

Then for fear of such a fire,
Which kills worse than the long night
Which benumbs the Muscovite,
I must from my life retire.
But, oh no, for if her eye
Warm me not, I freeze and die.

THE DESCRIPTION OF CASTARA.

LIKE the violet, which alone
Prosper in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd;
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place;
Folly boasts a glorious blood—
She is noblest, being good.

She her throne makes reason climb,
Whilst wild passions captive lie;
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

TO CASTARA,

OF TRUE DELIGHT.

WHY doth the ear so tempt the voice
That cunningly divides the air?
Why doth the palate buy the choice
Delights o' th' sea to enrich her fare?

As soon as I my ear obey,
The echo's lost ev'n with the breath;
And when the sewer takes away,
I'm left with no more taste than death.

Be curious in pursuit of eyes,
To procreate new loves with thine;
Satiety makes sense despise
What superstition thought divine.

Quick fancy how it mocks delight!
As we conceive things are not such;
The glow-worm is as warm as bright,
Till the deceitful flame we touch.

The rose yields her sweet blandishment,
Lost in the folds of lovers' wreaths:
The violet enchants the scent,
When early in the spring she breathes.

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When early in the spring she breathes.

But winter comes, and makes each flow'r
Shrink from the pillow where it grows;
Or an intruding cold hath pow'r
To scorn the perfume of the rose.

Our senses, like false glasses, show
Smooth beauty, where brows wrinkled are,
And make the cozen'd fancy glow;
Chaste virtue's only true and fair.

TO CASTARA.

GIVE me a heart, where no impure
Disorder'd passions rage;
Which jealousy doth not obscure,
Nor vanity t' expence engage:
Nor woo'd to madness by quaint oaths,
Or the fine rhetoric of cloaths,
Which not the softness of the age
To vice or folly doth incline:
Give me that heart, Castara, for 'tis thine.

Take thou a heart, where no new look
Provokes new appetite;
With no fresh charm of beauty took,
Or wanton stratagem of wit;
Not idly wandering here and there,
Led by an amorous eye or ear,
Aiming each beauteous mark to hit;
Which virtue doth to one confine:
Take thou that heart, Castara, for 'tis mine.

R A N D O L P H.

O D E.

COME, spur away,
 I have no patience for a longer stay,
 But must go down
 And leave the chargeable noise of this great town:
 I will the country see
 Where old simplicity
 Tho' hid in grey,
 Doth look more gay
 Than foppery in plush and scarlet clad.
 Farewel you city wits, that are
 Almost at civil war;
 'Tis time that I grow wise when all the world grows mad.
 More of my days
 I will not spend to gain an ideot's praise:
 Or to make sport
 For some slight puny of the inns of court.
 Then, worthy Stafford, say,
 How shall we spend the day?
 With what delights
 Shorten the nights
 When from this tumult we are got secure;
 Where mirth with all her freedom goes,
 Yet shall no finger lose
 Where every word is thought, and every thought is pure.

*a notice of Thomas
 Randolph will be
 found in the Retrospect.
 Review vol. 6 - his poems
 first appeared in 1638;
 fifth edn 1668.
 he died in 1635, 30 years
 old.*

There, from the tree
We'll cherries pluck, and pick the strawberry;
And every day
Go see the wholesome girls make hay,
Whose brown hath lovelier grace
Than any painted face
That I do know
Hyde Park can shew;
Where I had rather gain a kifs, than meet
(Though some of them, in greater state,
Might court my love with plate)
The beauties of the Cheape, and wives of Lombard street.
But think upon
Some other pleasures, these to me are none.
Why do I prate
Of women, that are things against my fate?
I never mean to wed
That torture to my bed.
My muse is she
My love shall be:
Let clowns get wealth and heirs!—when I am gone,
And the great bugbear, grisly death,
Shall take this idle breath,
If I a poem leave, that poem is my son.
Of this no more—
We'll rather taste the bright Pomona's store;
No fruit shall 'scape
Our palates, from the damson to the grape.
Then full, we'll seek a shade,
And hear what music's made;

How Philomel
 Her tale doth tell,
 And how the other birds do fill the quire,
 The thrush and blackbird lend their throats,
 Warbling melodious notes,
 We will all sports enjoy, which others but desire.
 Ours is the sky,
 Where, at what fowl we please, our hawks shall fly.
 Nor will we spare
 To hunt the crafty fox, or tim'rous hare;
 But let our hounds run loose
 In any ground they choose:
 The buck shall fall,
 The stag and all.
 Our pleasures must from their own warrants be,
 For to my muse, if not to me,
 I am sure all game is free;
 Heav'n, earth, are all but parts of her great royalty.
 And when we mean
 To taste of Bacchus' blessings now and then,
 And drink by stealth
 A cup or two to noble Barkley's health,
 I'll take my pipe and try
 The Phrygian melody,
 Which he that hears
 Lets through his ears
 A madness to distemper all the brain.
 Then I another pipe will take,
 And Doric music make,
 To civilize with graver notes our wits again.

EPITHALAMIUM.

MUSE! be a bridemaide: dost not hear
How honour'd *Hunt*, and his fair *Deer*,
This day prepare their wedding cheer.

The swiftest of thy pinions take,
And hence a sudden journey make
To help 'em break their bridal cake.

Haste 'em to church: tell 'em, love says
Religion breeds but fond delays
To lengthen out the tedious days.

Chide the slow priest that so goes on
As if he fear'd he should have done
His sermon ere the glass be run:

Bid him post o'er his words as fast
As if himself were now to taste
The pleasure of so fair a wait.

Now lead the blessed couple home,
And serve a dinner up to some,
Their banquet is as yet to come.

Maids! dance as nimbly as your blood,
Which I see swell a purple flood,
In emulation of that good

The bride possesseth : for I deem
What she enjoys will be the theme,
This night, of every virgin's dream.

But envy not their blest content,
The hasty night is almost spent,
And they of Cupid will be shent.

The fun is now ready to ride;
Sure, 'twas the morning I espied,
Or 'twas the blushing of the bride.

See! how the lusty bridegroom's veins
Swell, 'till the active torrent strains
To break those o'erstretch'd azure chains!

And the fair bride, ready to cry
To see her pleasant loss so nigh,
Pants like the sealed pigeon's eye.

Put out the torch. Love loves not lights :
Those that perform his mystic rites
Must pay their orisons by nights.

Nor can that sacrifice be done
By any priest or nun alone,
But when they both are met in one.

Now, you that taste of hymen's cheer,
See that your lips do meet so near
That cockles might be tutor'd there.

And let the whisp'rings of your love
Such short and gentle murmurs prove,
As they were lectures to the dove,

And in such strict embraces twine,
As if you read unto the vine,
The ivy, and the columbine.

- - - - -

Thence may there spring many a pair
Of sons and daughters strong and fair,
How soon the gods have heard my pray'r!

Methinks already I espy
The cradles rock, the babies cry,
And drowsy nurses lullaby,

RICHARD BRATHWAITE,

Author of Time's Curtain drawn, or the Anatomy of
Vanity, &c. 1633.

*Essaies upon the five Senses.
nature's embassies.*

S O N G

*Mercurius Britannicus, and many
other works. They amount to no*

FROM THE SHEPHERD'S TALES.

*fewer than 45 in number, most
of them irretrievably condemned
to the vault of oblivion, but several
yet capable of affording delight
and instruction - See Bibliomania
p 177. 376. 394.*

If marriage life yield such content,
What heavy hap have I!
Whose life with grief and sorrow spent,
Wish death, yet cannot die.
She's bent to smile when I do storm,
When I am cheerful too
She seems to low'r. Then who can cure
Or counterpoise my woe?

My marriage-day chac'd joy away,
For I have found it true,
That bed which did all joys display
Became a bed of rue.
Where asps do browze on fancy's flow'r,
And beauty's blossom too;
Then where's that power on earth, may cure
Or counterpoise my woe?

I thought love was the lamp of life,
No life withouten love;
No love like to a faithful wife;
Which when I sought to prove,
I found her birth was not of earth,
For all that I could know,
Of good ones I perceiv'd a dearth;
Then who can cure my woe?

My board no dishes can afford
But *chafing-dishes* all!
Where self-will domineers as lord
To keep poor me in thrall.
My discontent gives her content,
My friend she vows her foe;
How should I then my sorrows vent
Or cure my endless woe?

No cure to care, farewell all joy,
Retire poor soul and die!
Yet ere thou die, thyself employ
That thou may'st mount the sky:
Where thou may'st move commanding Jove
That Pluto he might go
To wed thy wife, who ended thy life;
For this will cure thy woe!

CARE's CURE,

OR A FIG FOR CARE.

HAPPY is that state of his,
Takes the world as it is.
Lose he honours, friendship, wealth,
Lose he liberty or health;
Lose he all that earth can give,
Having nought whereon to live;
So prepar'd a mind's in him,
He's resolv'd to sink or swim.

Should I ought dejected be,
'Cause blind Fortune frowns on me?
Or put finger in the eye
When I see my Damon die?
Or repine such should inherit
More of honours than of merit?
Or put on a sourer face,
To see virtue in disgrace?

Should I weep, when I do try
Fickle friends' inconstancy?
Quite discarding mine and me,
When they should the firmest be;
Or think much when barren brains
Are possess'd of rich domains,

When in reason it were fit
They had wealth unto their wit?

Should I spend the morn in tears,
'Cause I see my neighbour's ears
Stand so slopewise from his head,
As if they were horns indeed?
Or to see his wife at once
Branch his brow and break his sconce,
Or to hear her in her spleen
Callet like a butter-quean?

Should I figh, because I see
Laws like spider-webs to be,
Where lesser flies are quickly ta'en,
While the great break out again;
Or so many schisms and sects,
Which foul heresy detects,
To suppress the fire of zeal
Both in church and common-weal?

No, there's nought on earth I fear
That may force from me one tear.
Loss of honours, freedom, health,
Or that mortal idol, wealth;
With these, babes may grieved be,
But they have no pow'r on me.
Less my substance, less the share
In my fear and in my care.

Thus to love, and thus to live,
 Thus to take, and thus to give,
 Thus to laugh, and thus to sing,
 Thus to mount on pleasure's wing,
 Thus to sport, and thus to speed,
 Thus to flourish, nourish, feed,
 Thus to spend, and thus to spare,
 Is to bid *a fig for care.*

Yet have I lov'd thee well, and long;
 A tedious twelve-hours' space!
 I should all other pleasures wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,
 Did I still dwell upon that face.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
 The first for this;
 And, with a stranger, shall embrace
 A second time;—sweet and fair!
 Ah! bid no more that shining hair;
 As my curious hand or eye no more
 Hovering round thee, lest I see
 Some new defect, my love to lose;
 Let it fly as unseason'd wood,
 As its calm ravisher the wind;
 Who hath left his darling call
 To wander o'er that spiky nest.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

S O N G.

W_HY dost thou say I am forsworn,
 Since thine I vow'd to be?
 Lady, it is already morn;
 It was last night I swore to thee
 That fond impossibility.

Yet have I lov'd thee well, and long;
 A tedious twelve-hours' space!
 I should all other beauties wrong,
 And rob thee of a new embrace,
 Did I still doat upon that face.

S O N G.

A_MARANTHA, sweet and fair,
 Ah! braid no more that shining hair;
 As my curious hand or eye
 Hovering round thee, let it fly.

Let it fly as unconfin'd
 As its calm ravisher the wind;
 Who hath left his darling east
 To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every trefs, must be confest,
But neatly tangled at the best;
Like a clew of golden thread,
Most excellently ravelled.

Do not then bind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
But, like the sun in 's early ray,
Shake your head, and scatter day!

S O N G.

TELL me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly;

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And, with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore,
I could not love you, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

S O N G.

WHEN I by thy fair shape did swear
 (And mingled with each vow a tear)
 I lov'd, I lov'd thee best;
 I swore as I profess;
 For all the while you lasted warm and pure
 My oaths too did endure;
 But once turn'd faithless to thyself, and old,
 They then with thee incessantly grew cold.

S O N N E T.

WHEN love, with unconfined wings,
 Hovers within my gates;
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;
 When I lie tangled in her hair,
 And fetter'd with her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the air
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
 With no allaying Thames,
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames;

When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free,
 Fishes, that tipples in the deep,
 Know no such liberty.

When linnet like confined, I
 With shriller note shall sing,
 The mercy, sweetness, majesty
 And glories of my king :
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlarged winds that curl the flood
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage,
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage.
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

E. SHERBURNE,

Salma's, Lyrian and Author of "*Poems and Translations, amorous, lufory, moral, and*
Sylvia, forsaken Lydia
the rape of Helena &c.
reprinted, with a biographical
account of the author. London
1819.

THE SURPRISE, A SONG.

THERE'S no dallying with love,
 Though he be a child and blind;
 Then let none the dangers prove,
 Who would to himself be kind;
 Smile he does when thou dost play,
 But his smiles to death betray.

Lately with the boy I sported,
 Love I did not, yet love feign'd;
 Had no mistress, yet I courted;
 Sigh I did, yet was not pain'd;
 'Till at last this love in jest
 Prov'd in earnest my unrest.

When I saw my fair one first,
 In a feigned fire I burn'd,
 But true flames my poor heart pierc'd
 When her eyes on mine she turn'd:
 So a real wound I took
 For my counterfeited look.

None who loves not then make shew :
Love's as ill deceiv'd as fate ;
Fly the boy, he'll cog and woo,
Mock him, and he wounds thee straight.
Ah! who daily boast in vain
False love, want not real pain.

LOVE ONCE, LOVE EVER.

SHALL I, hopeless, then pursue
A fair shadow that still flies me ?
Shall I still adore and woo
A proud heart that does despise me ?
I a constant love may so,
But, alas ! a fruitless, shew.

Whilst these thoughts my soul possess,
Reason passion would o'erfway,
Bidding me my flames suppress,
Or divert some other way ;
But what reason would pursue,
That my heart runs counter to.

So a pilot, bent to make
Search for some unfound-out land,
Does with him the magnet take,
Sailing to the unknown strand,
But that (steer which way he will)
To the loved north points still.

EXTRACT

FROM THE SUN-RISE; A POEM.

THOU youthful goddess of the morn,
Whose blush they in the east adore,
Daughter of Phœbus, who before
Thy all-enlightening fire art born!
Haste, and restore the day to me,
That my love's beauteous object I may see.

Too much of time the night devours,
The cock's shrill voice calls thee again,
Then quickly mount thy golden wain,
Drawn by the softly-sliding hours,
And make apparent to all eyes
With what enamel thou dost paint the skies.

Ah, now I see the sweetest dawn!
Thrice welcome to my longing sight!
Hail, divine beauty, heavenly light;
I see thee through yon cloud of lawn
Appear, and as thy star does glide,
Blanching with rays the east on every side.

Dull silence, and the drowsy king
Of sad and melancholy dreams,
Now fly before thy cheerful beams,
The darkest shadows vanquishing:
The owl, that all the night did keep
A hooting, now is fled and gone to sleep.

But all those little birds, whose notes
Sweetly the listening ear enthrall,
To the clear water's murmuring fall
Accord their disagreeing throats :
The lustre of that greater star
Praising, to which thou art but harbinger.

With holy reverence inspir'd,
When first the day renews its light,
The earth, at so divine a sight,
Seems, as if all one altar fir'd,
Reeking with perfumes to the skies,
Which she presents, her native sacrifice.

The humble shepherd, to his rays
Having his humble homage paid,
And to some cool retired shade
Driven his bleating flocks to graze,
Sits down, delighted with the sight
Of that great lamp, so mild, so fair, so bright.

The bee, through flow'ry gardens goes
Buzzing, to drink the morning's tears,
And from the early lily bears
A kiss commended to the rose,
And, like a wary messenger,
Whispers some amorous story in her ear.*
&c. &c. &c.

* *The remainder of this poem would now be thought forced and unnatural.*

S O N G

*In the amorous Warre, by JASPER MAYNE,
Oxford, 1659.*

TIME is a feather'd thing;
And whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,
Takes wing;
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they're told,
Do make us old,
And every fad of his fleet glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flow'rs and roses did appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire:
Flames turn to frost,
And ere we can
Know how our crow turns swan,
Or how a silver snow
Springs there where jet did grow,
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

The poems of this author, consisting of songs and sonnets, and a play called the Blind Lady, were printed in 1660, in one volume octavo.

S O N G

TO THE INCONSTANT CYNTHIA.

IN thy fair breast, and once fair foul,
 I thought my vows were writ alone :
 But others' oaths so blurred the scroll,
 That I no more could read my own.
 And am I still oblig'd to pay
 When you had thrown the bond away ?

Nor must we only part in joy,
 Our tears as well must be unkind ;
 Weep you, that could such truth destroy,
 And I that did such falseness find.
 Thus we must unconcern'd remain
 In our divided joys and pain.
 Yet we may love, but on this different score,
 You what I am, I what you were before.

THE RESOLUTION.

No, Cynthia, never think I can
Love a divided heart and mind ;
Your sunshine love to every man,
Appears alike as great as kind.

None but the duller Persians kneel,
And the bright god of beams implore ;
Whilst others equal influence feel,
That never did the god adore.

Though I resolve to love no more,
Since I did once, I will advise:
The love of conquests now give o'er ;
Disquiets wait on victories.

To your much injured peace and name,
Love's farewell as a tribute pay ;
Grow more reserv'd, and raise your fame
By your own choice, not your decay.

She that to age her charms resigns,
And then at last turns votary,
Though virtue much the change inclines,
'Tis sullied by necessity.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

*He was Poet Laureat during the reigns of Charles the 1st and 2d.
His works, consisting of Gondebert, Madagascar, several
small poems, and sixteen plays, were published in 1673, in a
large volume folio.*

THE DREAM.

TO MR. GEORGE PORTER.

No victor, when in battle spent,
When he at night asleep doth lie
Rich in a conquer'd monarch's tent,
E'er had so vain a dream as I.

Methought I saw the earliest shade,
And sweetest that the spring can spread,
Of Jasmin, brier, and woodbine made;
And there I saw Clorinda dead.

Though dead she lay, yet could I see
No cypress, nor no mourning yew,
Nor yet the injured lover's tree;
No willow near her coffin grew;

But all shew'd unconcern'd to be,
As if just nature there did strive
To be as pitiless as she
Was to her lover when alive.

And now, methought I lost all care
In losing her ; and was as free
As birds let loose into the air,
Or rivers that are got to sea.

Yet soon, now from my princess free,
I rather frantic grew than glad ;
For subjects, getting liberty,
Get but a licence to be mad.

Birds that are long in cages aw'd,
If they get out, a while will roam ;
But straight want skill to live abroad,
Then pine, and hover near their home.

And to the ocean rivers run,
From being pent in banks of flowers :
Not knowing that th' exhaling fun
Will send them back in weeping show'rs.

Soon thus, for pride of liberty,
I low desires of bondage found ;
And vanity of being free
Bred the discretion to be bound.

But as dull subjects see too late
Their safety in monarchal reign ;
Finding their freedom in a state
Is but proud strutting in a chain :

Then, growing wiser, when undone,
In winter's nights sad stories sing,
In praise of monarchs long since gone,
To whom their bells they yearly ring.

So now I mourn'd that she was dead
Whose single pow'r did govern me ;
And quickly was by reason led
To find the harm of liberty.

My soul, in sleep's soft fetters bound,
Did now for vital freedom strive ;
And straight, by horror wak'd, I found
The fair Clorinda still alive.

Yet she's to me but such a light
As are the stars to those that know ;
We can at most but guess their height,
And hope they mind us here below.

THE MISTRESS.

WHEN Nature heard men thought her old,
Her skill in beauteous forms decay'd,
Her eyes grown dim, her fingers cold;
Then to her poet thus she said:

Catch, as it falls, the Scythian snow,
Bring blushing roses steep'd in milk;
From early meadows scent, and show,
And from the Persian worm her silk.

Fetch from the east the morning's breath,
And from the phoenix gums and spice,
Such as she culls, when at her death
The world does smell her sacrifice.

Nature of these a mistress made,
But would have form'd a lover too;
And such as might this nymph persuade
To all that love for love should do.

This second work she well began,
With leisure, and by slow degrees;
But found it hard to make a man,
That could so choice a beauty please.

She wrought, and wrought, and then gave o'er:

Then did another model try;

But, less contented than before,

She laid the work for ever by.

I ask'd the cause; and straight she said,

'Tis very possible, I find,

To match the body which I made;

But I can never fit the mind.

For that still various seems and strange;

And since all lovers various be;

And apt as mistresses to change,

I cannot make my work agree.

Now sexes meet not by design,

When they the world's chief work advance,

But in the dark they sometimes join,

As wandering atoms meet by chance.

ROBERT HEATH.

*a notice of the work
will be found in the
retrospective review. t. 2.*

Author of "Clarastella," a collection of poems, in 12mo, printed in
1650.

SONG ANACREONTIC.

INVEST my head with fragrant rose,
That on fair Flora's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Thus, crown'd with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie;
Whose snows if too much cooling, then
Bacchus shall warm my blood again.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

Life's short and winged pleasures fly;
Who mourning live, do living die.
On down and floods then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs, and singing die.
'Tis wine and love, and love in wine,
Inspires our youth with flames divine.

STANZAS

ON CLARASTELLA SAYING SHE WOULD COMMIT HERSELF
TO A NUNNERY.

STAY, Claraftella, prithee ftay !

Recal thofe frantic vows again !

Wilt thou thus caft thyfelf away,

As well as me, in fond difdain ?

Wilt thou be cruel to thyfelf ? chaftife

Thy harmlefs body, 'caufe thy powerful eyes

Have charm'd my fenfes by a ftrange furprife ?

Is it a fin to be beloved ?

If but the caufe you could remove
Soon the effect would be removed ;

Where beauty is, there will be love.

Nature, that wifely nothing made in vain,

Did make you lovely to be lov'd again,

And, when fuch beauty tempts, can love refrain ?

When Heaven was prodigal to you,

And you with beauty's glory ftored,

He made you like himfelf for view,

To be beheld and then adored.

Why fhould the gold then fear to fee that fun

That form'd it pure ? Why fhould you live a nun,

And hide thofe rays Heav'n gave to you alone ?

Thyself a holy temple art,
 Where love shall teach us both to pray ;
 I'll make an altar of my heart,
 And incense on thy lips I'll lay.
 Thy mouth shall be my oracle, and then
 For beads we'll tell our kisses o'er again,
 Till they, breath'd from our souls, shall cry, amen,

ROBERT HERRICK.

Author of a collection of poems published under the title of Hesperides, Octavo, 1648.—The volume contains two little pieces, “the Primrose” and “the Inquiry,” which are printed in Carew’s poems.

Notices of this writer will be found in Nichols’s Leicestershire; Drake’s literary hours and the retrospective Review. t. V. p. 156.

best ed? 1823. 2 vol. 8^o

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

You are a tulip, seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an hour,

You are a sparkling rose i’th’ bud;
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can shew where you or grew, or stood.

You are a dainty violet,
Yet wither’d ere you can be set
Within the virgin’s coronet.

You are the queen all flow’rs among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

SONNET.

Am I despis'd because you say,
And I believe, that I am grey?
Know, lady, you have but your day,
And night will come, and men will swear
Time hath spilt snow upon your hair.

Then, when in your glass you seek,
And find no rose-buds in your cheek;
No, nor the bed to give you shew,
Where such a rare carnation grew,
And such a smiling tulip too,

O then too late in close your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old
By those true tears you're weeping.

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

Good-morrow to the day so fair;
Good-morrow, Sir, to you;
Good-morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good-morrow to this primrose too;
Good-morrow to each maid,
That will with flow'rs the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kifs
By you, Sir, to awake him.

Pray, hurt him not; though he be dead
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green-turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender—pray, take heed—
With bands of cowslips bind him;
And bring him home—but 'tis decreed
That I shall never find him.

— L L U E L L Y N.

other edn 1646 & 1679 Author of "Men Miracles," and other poems, a small volume,
1661 with a new title- 1656. The Men Miracles are a good satire on travellers,
page, the marrow of written in what is now called Hudibrastic verse.
the muses. An account
of this writer will be
found in Wood's Athen. Oxon.

S O N G.

COELIA IN LOVE.

I FELT my heart, and found a flame,
That for relief and shelter came ;
I entertain'd the treacherous guest,
And gave it welcome to my breast——
Poor Cœlia ! whither wilt thou go ?
To cool in streams, or freeze in snow ?
Or gentle zephyrus intreat
To chill thy flames, and fan thy heat ?
Perhaps a taper's fading beams
May die in air, or quench in streams ;
But love is a mysterious fire,
Nor can in air or ice expire :
Nor will this phoenix be suppress'd
But with the ruin of its nest.

ANONYMOUS.

S O N G.

I do confefs thou'rt fsmooth and fair,
 And I might have been brought to love thee;
 But that I found the flighteft pray'r
 That breath could move, had power to move thee;
 But I can leave thee now alone
 As worthy to be lov'd by none,

I do confefs thou'rt fweet, but find
 Thee fuch an unthrift of thy fweets,
 Thy favours are but like the wind
 That kiffeth every thing it meets.
 Then, fince thou canft with more than one,
 Thou'rt worthy to be kifs'd by none.

The virgin rofe, that untouch'd ftands,
 Arm'd with its briers, how fweet it fmells!
 But pluck'd and ftain'd through ruder hands,
 Its fweet no longer with it dwells,
 But fcant and beauty both are gone,
 And leaves drop from it one by one,

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
 When thou haft handled been a while;
 With fear-flow'rs to be thrown afide,
 And I fhall figh, while fome will fmile.
 To fee thy love for every one
 Hath brought thee to be lov'd by none!

S O N G.

IN faith 'tis true, I am in love,
'Tis your black eyes have made me so;
My resolutions they remove,
And former niceness overthrow.

But, beauty, since it is thy fate,
At distance thus to wound so sure;
Thy virtues I will imitate,
And see if distance prove a cure.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

S O N G.

Imitated from an Epigram of Martial.

PRITHEE, die and fet me free,
 Or else be
 Kind and brisk, and gay, like me.
 I pretend not to the wise ones,
 To the grave, to the grave,
 Or the precise ones.

'Tis not cheeks, nor lips, nor eyes,
 That I prize,
 Quick conceits, or sharp replies ;
 If wise thou wilt appear, and knowing,
 Repartee, repartee,
 To what I'm doing.

Prithee, why the room so dark?
 Not a spark
 Left to light me to the mark:
 I love daylight, or a candle,
 And to see, and to see
 As well as handle.

Why so many bolts and locks,
Coats and smocks,
And those drawers, with a pox?
I could wish, could nature make it,
Nakedness, nakedness
Itself were naked.

S O N G.

MORPHEUS, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flees from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou pow'rful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipp'd in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

W. M A Y. Thomas. a notice on his plays
is in the new monthly magⁿ
new series t 2. p. 70

S O N G

IN THE OLD COUPLE. a comedy. 1658.

DEAR, do not your beauty wrong,
In thinking still you are too young;
The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek.

he wrote also
the heire. a comedy
Antigone
Cleopatra
Julia Agrippina
} tragedy

Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet;
Then lose no time, for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SONNET.

You meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfy our eyes
 More by your number than your light,
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the sun doth rise?

Ye violets that first appear,
 By your pure purple mantles known,
 Like the proud virgins of the year,
 As if the spring were all your own,
 What are you when the rose is blown?

Ye curious chanters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame nature's lays,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents, what's your praise
 When Philomel her voice doth raise?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
 In sweetness of her looks, and mind;
 By virtues first, then choice, a queen,
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

S T A N Z A S

FROM THE RELIQUIÆ WOTTONIANÆ, 1672.

*other edns 1651. 1654. 1685
an account of this writer.
in Wood's *athene Oxon.* in
Walton's *lives* by Zouch (1796
40) and in *Brydges's*
*British bibliographer.**

HEART-TEARING cares, and quivering fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldlings' sports,
Where strain'd Sardonic smiles are glosing still,
And grief is forc'd to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be!

Fly from our country pastimes! fly,
Sad troop of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azured heav'n, that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals! did you know
Where joy, heart's-ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers.
Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
But blust'ring care could never tempest make,

Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

Here's no fantastic mask, nor dance,
But of our kids, that frisk and prance;
Nor wars are seen,
Unless upon the green
Two harmless lambs are butting one another,
Which done, both bleating run each to his mother;
And wounds are never found
Save what the plough-share gives the ground.

Go! let the diving Negro seek
For gems, hid in some forlorn creek,
We all pearls scorn,
Save what the dewy morn
Congeals upon each little spire of grass,
Which careless shepherds beat down as they pass;
And gold ne'er here appears
Save what the yellow Ceres bears.

Blest, silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these
mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains!
Which we may every year
Find, when we come a-fishing here.

IGNOTQ.

T E A R S

At the grave of Sir Albertus Morton, who was buried at Southampton;

WEPT BY SIR H. WOTTON.

SILENCE, in truth, would speak my sorrow best,
For deepest wounds can least their feelings tell.
Yet, let me borrow from mine own unrest
But time to bid him, whom I lov'd, farewell.

Oh my unhappy lines! you that before
Have served my youth to vent some wanton cries,
And now, congeal'd with grief, can scarce implore
Strength to accent! Here my Albertus lies!

This is the fable stone, this is the cave
And womb of earth that doth his corpse embrace.
While others sing his praise, let me engrave
These bleeding numbers to adorn the place.

Here will I paint the character of woe,
Here will I pay my tribute to the dead;
And here my faithful tears in showers shall flow,
To humanize the flints whereon I tread:

Where though I mourn my matchless loss alone,
And none between my weakness judge and me;
Yet e'en these pensive walls allow my moan,
Whose doleful echoes to my plaints agree.

But is he gone? and dwell I rhyming here
 As if some muse would listen to my lay,
 When all distun'd fit waiting for their dear,
 And bathe the banks where he was wont to play?

Dwell thou in endless light, discharged foul,
 Freed now from nature's and from fortune's trust,
 While on this fluent globe my glafs shall roll,
 And run the rest of my remaining dust.

Upon the Death of Sir A. Morton's Wife.

HE first deceased; she, for a little, tried
 To live without him, lik'd it not, and died,

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

An author much admired by his cotemporaries. He died in 1643.

His plays and poems were published in a volume octavo, in 1651.

*See retros p. review
t q p. 160*

S O N G

IN THE LADY ERRANT.

To carve our loves in myrtle rinds,
And tell our secrets to the woods;
To fend our sighs by faithful winds,
And trust our tears unto the floods;
To call where no man hears,
And think that rocks have ears,
To walk, and rest, to live and die,
And yet not know how, whence, or why;
To have our hopes with fear still check'd,
To credit doubts, and truth suspect,
This, this is what we may
A lover's absence say.

LOVE BUT ONE.

SEE these two little brooks that slowly creep
In snaky windings through the plains;
I knew them once one river, swift and deep,
Blessing and blest by poets' strains.

But, since it broke itself, and double glides,
The naked banks no drefs have worn;
And yon dry barren mountain now derides
These valleys, which lost glories mourn,

O Chloris, think how this presents thy love,
Which, when it ran but in one stream,
We happy shepherds thence did thrive, and 'prove,
And thou wast mine and all men's theme.

But since 't hath been imparted to one more,
And in two streams doth weakly creep,
Our common muse is thence grown low and poor,
And mine as lean as these my sheep.

But think withal what honour thou hast lost,
Which we did to thy full stream pay.
Whilst now, that swain that swears he loves thee most,
Slakes but his thirst, and goes away!

FALSEHOOD.

STILL do the stars impart their light
To those that travel in the night;
Still time runs on, nor doth the hand
Or shadow of the dial stand :
The streams still glide and constant are;
Only thy mind
Untrue I find,
Which carelessly
Neglects to be
Like stream or shadow, hand or star.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

TELL me not of joys, there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would figh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how fullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip,
Would moisture sip;

He would from my trencher feed,
 Then would hop, and then would run,
 And cry *Philip* when h' had done ;
 Oh ! whose heart can choofe but bleed ?
 Oh ! how eager would he fight,
 And ne'er hurt tho' he did bite ;
 No morn did pafs,
 But on my glafs
 He would fit, and mark and do
 What I did ; now ruffle all
 His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
 And then straightway fleck them too.

Where will Cupid get his darts
 Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts ?
 A wound he may,
 Not love, convey ;
 Now this faithful bird is gone,
 Oh ! let mournful turtles join
 With loving redbreasts, and combine
 To fing dirges o'er his ftone.

S O N G.

WHILST early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth rise;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And make a second morning there.

Her blush doth shed,
All o'er the bed,
Clear shame-fac'd beams,
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.

I will not tell what shrieks and cries,
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths, then newly born,
The list'ning taper heard there sworn :

Whilst froward she,
Most peevishly,
Did yielding fight,
To keep all night,
What she'd have proffer'd you ere morn!

Fair, we know maids do refuse
To grant what they do come to lose;
Intend a conquest you that wed!
They would be chaste ravished;

Not any kifs
 From Mrs. Prifs,
 If that you do
 Persuade and woo.
 Know, pleasure's by extorting fed,
 O may her arms wax black and blue,
 Only by hard encircling you;
 May she round about you twine
 Like the easy twisting vine,
 And whilst you sip
 From her full lip
 Pleasures as new
 As morning dew,
 Let those soft ties your hearts combine.

S O N G.

COME, O come, I brook no stay,
 He doth not love that can delay!
 See, how the stealing night
 Hath blotted out the light,
 And tapers do supply the day.

 To be chaste, is to be old,
 And that foolish girl that's cold,
 Is fourscore at fifteen:
 Desires do write us green,
 And looser flames our youth unfold.

See, the first taper's almost gone!
Thy flame like that will straight be none :
And I as it expire,
Unable to hold fire ;
She loseth time that lies alone.

O let us cherish then these powers,
Whilst we yet may call them ours !
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But sprightly kisses strike the hours !

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

S O N G.

*See Retros. Review
t. IX p 19. his poems
were published in 1646;
Lowndes mentions 7 edns
the last 1770.*

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, if looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, if speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The Devil take her!

S O N G.

HONEST lover whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one wav'ring thought, if thy flame
Were not still even, still the same ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
If, when she appears i' th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck dumb,
And in striving this to cover
Dost not speak thy words twice over ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.
If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take ;
Persuad'ft thyself that jests are broken,
When she hath little or nothing spoken ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thou appear'st to be within,
Thou let'st not men ask, and ask again,
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee properly ;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cut'st not fingers 'stead of meat;
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place;
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover ;
And, desiring to love true,
Thou dost begin to love anew,
Know this,
Thou lov'st amiss,
And to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love anew.

S O N G.

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year and more,
And still I did my part.

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes.

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart,
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place,
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in ;
And brought myself to lie, at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place my own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes and this relief?
A spy inform'd, honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I) ; the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her ;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide ;
I hate a fool that starves her love,
Only to feed her pride.

A BALLAD

UPON A WEDDING,

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh! things beyond compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-crofs, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'ft) do fell our hay,
There is a house with ftairs;
And there did I fee coming down,
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at leaft, in pairs.

Among the reft, one peft'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger though than thine)
Walk'd on before the reft;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The king (God blefs him!) 'twould undo him
Should he go ftill fo drefs'd.

At courfe-a-park, without all doubt,
He fhould have firft been taken out
By all the maids i' th' town;
Though lufty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the Crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing,
The parson for him staid ;
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not wish so much all past,
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid, (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun ale
Could ever yet produce :
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on, which they did bring ;
It was too wide a peck :
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light ;
But oh ! she dances such a way !
No fun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a fight.

He would have kiss'd her once or twice,
But she would not, she was so nice,
She would not do 't in fight:
And then she look'd as who should say,
I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do 't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daify makes comparifon,
(Who fees them is undone)
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a cath'rine pear,
(The side that's next the sun).

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin
(Some bee had stung it newly);
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small when she does speak,
Thou 'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing should be any fin,
The parson himself had guilty been
 (She look'd that day so purely) ;
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did it conceit,
 It would have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
 His summons did obey ;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd band,
 Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
 To stay to be intreated ?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace
 The company was seated.

For business of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat,
 Nor was it there denied.
Passion, Oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that would be thought upon,
 I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse,
Healts first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth ;
(And who could help it, Dick !)

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance ;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance,
Then dance again and kifs :
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till every woman wish'd her place,
And every man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride,
But that he must not know ;
And yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she lay,
Like new-fall'n snow melting away,
'Twas time, I trow, to part,
Kisses were now the only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who should say

- - - - -

But just as heav'ns would have to cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the posset,
The bridegroom ate in spite;
For had he left the women to 't,
It would have cost two hours to do't,
Which were too much that night.

At length the candle's out; and now,
All that they had not done, they do;
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more
Than thou and I have done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

CHARLES II.

COWLEY.

S O N G.

HERE'S to thee, Dick—this whining love despise;
 Pledge me, my friend, and drink till thou be wise.
 It sparkles brighter far than she;
 'Tis pure and bright, without deceit,
 And such no woman e'er will be:
 No, they are all sophistate.

Follies they have so numberless in store,
 That only he who loves them can have more.
 Neither their sighs nor tears are true,
 Those idly blow, these idly fall,
 Nothing like to ours at all:
 But sighs and tears have sexes too.

Here's to thee again; thy senseless sorrows drown'd,
 Let the glass walk till all thy griefs go round;
 Again! till these two lights be four;
 No error here can dangerous prove,
 Thy passion, man, deceiv'd thee more;
 None double see like men in love.

THE SPRING.

THOUGH you be absent here, I needs must say
The trees as beauteous are, and flowers as gay
As ever they were wont to be.

Nay, the birds' rural music too
Is as melodious and as free

As if they sung to pleasure you.

I saw a rose-bud ope this morn—I swear,
The blushing morning opened not more fair.

THE REQUEST.

I ASK not one in whom all beauties grow—

Let me but love, whate'er she be,

She cannot seem deform'd to me;

And I would have her seem to others so.

That happy thing, a lover, grown

I shall not see with others' eyes—scarce with my
own.

But do not touch my heart, and so be gone:

Strike deep thy burning arrows in:

Lukewarmness I account a sin

As great in love as in religion.

Come arm'd with flames, for I would prove

All the extremities of mighty love!

'Tis very true. I thought you once as fair
As woman in th' idea are :
Whatever here seems beauteous, seem'd to me
But a faint metaphor of thee.
But then, methinks, there something shone within
Which cast this lustre o'er thy skin,

But since I knew thy falsehood, and thy pride,
And all thy thousand faults beside ;
A very Moor, methinks, plac'd near to thee,
White as his teeth would seem to be ;
Nay, when the world but knows how false you are,
There's not a man will think you fair.

THE CHANGE.

Love in her funny eyes does basking play,
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair,
Love does on both her lips for ever stray,
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there :
In all her outward parts love's always seen,
But, Oh! he never went within.

THE SOUL.

If mine eyes do e'er declare
They've seen a second thing that's fair,
Or ears, that they have music found,
Besides thy voice, in any sound;
If my taste do ever meet
After thy kifs, with ought that's sweet;
If my busied touch allow
Ought to be smooth, or soft, but thou;
If, what seasonable springs
Or the eastern summer brings,
Do my smell persuade at all;
Ought perfume but thy breath to call;
May I as worthless seem to thee,
As all but thou appear to me.

If I ever anger know,
Till some wrong be done to you;
If ever I a hope admit,
Without thy image stamp'd on it;
Or any fear, till I begin
To find that you're concern'd therein;
If a joy e'er come to me,
That tastes of any thing but thee;
If any sorrow touch my mind
Whilst you are well and not unkind;

If I a minute's space debate,
Whether I shall curse or hate
The things beneath thy hatred fall,
Though all the world, myself and all;
If any passion of my heart,
By any force or any art,
Be brought to move one step from thee,
May'st thou no passion have for me.

THE WISH.

WELL, then; I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buz, and murmurings,
Of that great hive, the city.

Ah! yet, ere I descend to the grave,
May I a small house and a large garden have;
And a few friends, and many books, both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And (since love ne'er from me will flee),
 A mistress, moderately fair,
 And good, as guardian angels are ;
 Only belov'd, and loving me !

How happy here should I
 And one dear she, live, and embracing die ?
 She who is all the world, and can exclude
 In deserts solitude.

THE INCONSTANT.

I NEVER yet could see that face,
 Which had no dart for me ;
 From fifteen years, to fifty's pace,
 They all victorious be.

Colour or shape, good limbs, or face,
 Goodness, or wit, in all I find ;
 In motion or in speech a grace,
 If all fail, yet 'tis womankind.

If tall, the name of *proper* flays ;
 If fair, she's pleasant as the *light* :
 If low, her *prettiness* does please ;
 If black, what lover loves not *night*.

The fat, like plenty, fills my heart,
The lean, with love, makes me so too;
If straight, her body's *Cupid's dart*;
To me, if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Thus, with unwearied wings I flee
Through all Love's garden and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields.

H O N O U R.

SHE loves, and she confesses too;
There's then at last no more to do.
The happy work's entirely done;
Enter the town which thou hast won.
The fruits of conquest now begin:
Îo triumphe! enter in.

What's this, ye gods! what can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?

Noisy nothing! stalking shade!
By what witchcraft wert thou made,

Empty cause of solid harms ?
 But I shall find out counter charms,
 Thy airy devilship to remove,
 From this circle here of love.

Sure I shall rid myself of thee
 By the night's obscurity,
 And obscurer secrecy.
 Unlike to every other sprite,
 Thou attemptst not men t' affright,
 Nor appear'st but in the light.

THE CHRONICLE.

MARGARITA first possess'd,
 If I remember well, my breast,
 Margarita, first of all;
 But when awhile the wanton maid
 With my restless heart had play'd,
 Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
 To the beauteous Catharine.
 Beauteous Catharine gave place
 ('Tho' loth and angry she to part
 With the possession of my heart)
 To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza to this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counfels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Ann,
Both to reign at once began,
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Ann the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been,
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time for me,
But soon those pleasures fled:
For the gracious princess died,
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sov'reign pow'r,
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Sufannah took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye;
While she proudly march'd about
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Sufan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-ey'd Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy;
Thousand worse passions then possess'd
The interregnum of my breast;
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began;
Then Joan, and Jane, and Andria,
And then a pretty Thomafine,
And then another Catharine,
And then a long et cætera.

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribands, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things,
That make up all their magazines :

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts ;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, the smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless, mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting maid ;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weather that befel)
Than Holinshed or Stow,

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me;
An higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Eleonora, first o' the name,
Whom God grant long to reign,

From Stephens's Oxford Miscellanies, 1685.

S O N G.

REASON, thou vain impertinence,
Deluding hypocrite, begone !
And go and plague your men of sense,
But let my love and me alone.

In vain some dreaming, thinking fool,
Would make thee o'er our senses reign,
And all our noble passions rule,
And constitute this creature man.

In vain some dotard may pretend,
Thou art our torch to happiness;
To happiness, which poor mankind
As little know as Paradise.

At best, thou'rt but a glimmering light,
Which serves not to direct our way ;
But, like the moon, confounds our sight,
And only shews it is not day.

S O N G.

SAME COLLECTION.

NAY, I confefs I should despise
 A too, too eafy gotten prize!
 Be coy, be cruel yet a while,
 Nor grant one gracious look or fmile,
 Then every little grace from thee
 Will feem a heav'n on earth to me.

If thou would'ft have me ftill love on
 With all the flames I firft begun,
 Then you muft ftill as fcornful be:
 For if you once but burn like me,
 My flames will languifh and be gone,
 Like fire that's fhin'd on by the fun.

Nor lay thefe arts too foon afide,
 In hopes your lover faft is tied;
 For I have oft an angler feen,
 With over-hafte, lofe all again;
 When, if the fool had longer ftaid,
 The harmlefs fifh had been betray'd.

JOHN MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding joys,
 The brood of Folly, without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys:
 Dwell in some idle brain,
 And fancies fond with gaudy shape possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hov'ring dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy!
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight;
 And, therefore, to our weaker view,
 O'erlaid with black, staid wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen, that strove
 For other beauties praise above
 The sea-nymphs, and these powers offended;
 Yet thou art higher far descended;
 Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
 To solitary Saturn bore;
 His daughter she (in Saturn's reign,
 Such mixture was not held a stain);

Oft in glimmering bowers and glade
He met her, and in sweet shade
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penfive nun, devout and pure,
Sober and stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeft grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And fable stole of Cyprus lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn ;
Come, but keep thy wonted ftate,
With even ftap and mufing gait,
And looks commercing with the fkies,
Thy 'rapt foul fitting in thine eyes ;
There held in holy paffion ftill,
Forget thyfelf to marble, till
With a fad leaden downward caft
Thou fix them on the earth as faft,
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faft, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the mufes in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar fing ;
And add to thefe retired Leifure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleafure ;
But firft, and chiefeft, with thee bring,
Him that yon' foars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute filence hift along,
'Leffs Philomel will deign a fong

In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak;
Sweet bird that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress of the woods among,
I woo to hear thy evening song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
'To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon;
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud,
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu sound;
Over some wide water'd shore,
Swinging slow with fullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the door from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,

Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes' or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But O! sad virgin! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball and of Algarife,
And who had Canacé to wife;
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought else great bards beside

In sage and solid time have fung
Of turneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt;
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud;
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf has blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves,
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak;
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt;
There in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye;
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waler's murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy feather'd sleep;

And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe,
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortal's good,
Or th' unseen genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof;
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, thro' mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain—
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

L'ALLEGRO.

ENCE, loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven sings;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether, (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity;
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple fleck ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee,
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew ;
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tow'r in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier and the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill :
Some time walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green ;

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures,
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The lab'ring clouds do often rest,
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighb'ring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country-messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses:
And then in haste her bow'r she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;

Or if the earlier season lead
To the tann'd haycock in the mead,
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks found
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day.
Till the live-long daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets ate.
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friars lanthorn led.
Tells how the drudging goblin swet,
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-lab'ers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubbar fiend,
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tow'ring cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,

Where throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry,
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer-eves, by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the melting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear

Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC:

AN ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:

Aloft in awful state
The god-like hero fate
On his imperial throne:

His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.

The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus plac'd on high,

Amid the tuneful choir,

With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:

The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove ;
Who left his blifsful feats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love !)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
Sublime on radiant fpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia prefs'd,
And ftamp'd an image of himfelf, a fov'reign of the
world ;
The lift'ning crowd admire the lofty found ;
A prefent deity ! they fhout around ;
A prefent deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears,
The monarch hears,
Affumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And feems to fhake the fpheres.

The praife of Bacchus, then, the fweet mufician fung ;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes ;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace,
He fhews his honeft face.
Now give the hautboys breath—he comes, he comes !
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firft ordain :
Bacchus' bleffings are a treasure,
Drinking is the foldier's pleasure ;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure ;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius, great and good !

By too severe a fate

Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,

Fall'n from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood :

Deserted, at his utmost need,

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul

The various turns of chance below ;

And now and then a sigh he stole,

And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see

That love was in the next degree ;

'Twas but a kindred sound to move,

For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,

Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.

War, he fung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee;
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause:
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
Sigh'd and look'd, figh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and figh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And, amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge! 'Timotheus cries:
See the furies arise!
See the snakes how they rear,
How they hiss in the air!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they tofs their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!—
The princes applaud with a furious joy,
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute ;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies,
She drew an angel down.

S O N G.

FROM DRYDEN'S COLLECTION.

A SILLY shepherd woo'd, but wist not
How he might his mistress' favour gain.
On a time they met, but kiss'd not;
Ever after that he sued in vain:
Blame her not, alas, though she said nay
To him that might, but fled away.

Time perpetually is changing;
Every moment alteration brings;
Love and beauty still estranging;
Women are, alas! but wanton things!
He that will his mistress' favour gain,
Must take her in a merry vein.

A woman's fancy's like a fever,
Or an ague, that doth come by fits;
Hot, and cold, but constant never,
Even as the pleasant humour hits.
Sick, and well again, and well, and sick,
In love it is a woman's trick.

Now she will, and now she will not,
Put her to the trial, if once she smile;
Silly youth, thy fortune spill not,
Ling'ring labours oft themselves beguile.
He that knocks, and can't get in,
His pick-lock is not worth a pin.

A woman's nay is no denial,
Silly youths in love are serv'd so.
Put her to a farther trial,
Haply she'll take it, and say no.
For 'tis a trick which women use,
What they love they will refuse.

Silly youth, why dost thou dally?
Having got time and season fit;
Then never stand "Sweet, shall I? shall I?"
Nor too much commend an after wit;
For he that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay.

WRITTEN IN THE LEAVES OF A FAN.

SAME COLLECTION.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy
Can, with resistless art, employ.
This fan, in meaner hands, would prove
An engine of small force in love.
Yet she, with graceful air and mien,
(Not to be told or safely seen)
Directs its wanton motion so,
That it wounds more than Cupid's bow;
Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
To ev'ry other breast a flame.

S O N G.

SAME COLLECTION.

AT dead of night, when wrapp'd in sleep
The peaceful cottage lay;
Pastora left her folded sheep,
Her garland, crook, and useles scrip;
Love led the nymph astray.

Loose and undress'd, she takes her flight
To a near myrtle shade;
The conscious moon gave all her light,
To bless her ravish'd lover's fight,
And guide the loving maid.

His eager arms the nymph embrace:
And, to assuage his pain,
His restless passion he obeys.
At such an hour, in such a place,
What lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious moon,
The moon no succour gave;
The cruel stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was done,
Nor would her honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by powerful love,
The nymph expiring lay.
No more she sigh'd, no more she strove ;
Since no kind stars were found above,
She blush'd and died away.

Yet bless'd the grove, her conscious flight,
And youth that did betray ;
And panting, dying with delight,
She blest the kind transporting night,
And curst th' approaching day.

ON MUSIC.

FROM THE SAME COLLECTION.

WHEN whispering strains, with creeping wind,
Distil soft passion through the heart,
And whilst at every touch we find
Our pulses beat, and bear a part,
When threads can make
Our heart-strings shake ;
Philosophy can scarce deny,
Our souls consist in harmony.

Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,
My senses each with wonder sweet ;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like spirits' are thy feet.

Grief who needs fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And flumb'ring die,
And change his foul for harmony.

S O N G.

SAME COLLECTION. BY MR. J. H.

IN Chloris all soft charms agree :
Inchanting humour, powerful wit ;
Beauty, from affectation free,
And for eternal empire fit.
Where'er she goes, love waits her eyes,
The women envy, men adore ;
But, did she less the triumph prize,
She would deserve the conquest more.

The pomp of love so much prevails,
She begs what none else would deny her,
Makes such advances with her eyes,
The hope she gives prevents desire.
Catches at every trifling heart,
Seems warm with every glimmering flame ;
The common prey so deads the dart,
It scarce can pierce a noble game.

I could lie ages at her feet,
Adore her, careless of my pain;
With tender vows her rigours meet,
Despair, love on, and not complain.
My passion, from all change secure,
No favours raise, no frown controuls;
I any torment can endure,
But hoping with a crowd of fools.

SEDLER. (*Sir Charles*)

*his works were published
1702. 1722 and 1778.*

SONG.

PHILLIS, let's shun the common fate,
And let our love ne'er turn to hate.
I'll doat no longer than I can
Without being call'd a faithless man;
When we begin to want discourse,
And kindness seems to taste of force,
As freely as we met we'll part;
Each one possess'd of his own heart.
Thus while rash fools themselves undo,
We'll game, and leave off favors too.
So equally the match we'll make,
Each shall be glad to draw the stake:
A smile of thine shall make my blifs,
Or I'll enjoy thee in a kifs:
If from this height our kindness fall,
We'll bravely scorn to love at all:
If thy affection first decay,
I will the blame on nature lay.
Alas! what cordial can remove
The hasty fate of dying love?
Thus we will all the world excel,
In loving and in parting well.

S O N G.

Not, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am ty'd to very thee
By ev'ry thought I have:
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek farther store,
And still make love anew?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

S O N G.

CHLORIS, I cannot say your eyes
Did my unwary heart surprize;
Nor will I swear it was your face,
Your shape, or any nameless grace,
For you are so entirely fair,
To love a part injustice were.

No drowning man can tell which drop
Of water his last breath did stop;
So when the stars in heaven appear,
And join to make the night look clear;
The light we no one's bounty call,
But the obliging gift of all.

He that doth lips or hands adore,
Deserves them only, and no more:
But I love all, and every part,
And nothing less can ease my heart.
Cupid, that lover weakly strikes,
Who can express what 'tis he likes.

S O N G.

Love, when 'tis true, needs not the aid
Of sighs, or oaths, to make it known :
And to convince the cruel'ft maid,
Lovers should use their love alone.

Into their very looks 't will steal,
And he that most would hide his flame,
Does in that case his pain reveal ;
Silence itself can love proclaim.

This, my Aurelia, made me shun
The paths that common lovers tread,
Whose guilty passions are begun
Not in their heart, but in their head.

I could not sigh, and, with cross'd arms,
Accuse your rigour, and my fate ;
Nor tax your beauty with such charms
As men adore, and women hate ;

But careless liv'd, and without art,
Knowing my love you must have spied ;
And thinking it a foolish part,
To set to shew, what none can hide.

S O N G.

PHILLIS, this early zeal affuage :
You overact your part :
The martyrs, at your tender age,
Gave Heav'n but half their heart.

Old men, till past the pleasure, ne'er
Declaim against the sin :
'Tis early to begin to fear
The Devil at fifteen.

The world to youth is too severe,
And, like a treacherous light,
Beauty the actions of the fair
Exposes to their fight.

And yet this world as 'tis
Is oft deceiv'd by 't too :
Kind combinations seldom miss;
Let's try what we can do.

S O N G.

GET you gone—you will undo me,
If you love me don't pursue me ;
Let that inclination perish,
Which I dare no longer cherish.

With harmless thoughts I did begin,
But in the crowd Love enter'd in ;
I knew him not, he was so gay,
So innocent, and full of play.

At ev'ry hour, in ev'ry place,
I either saw, or form'd your face :
All that in plays is finely writ,
Fancy for you and me did fit.

My dreams at night were all of you,
Such as, till then, I never knew.
I sported thus with young desire,
Never intending to go higher.

But now his teeth and claws are grown,
Let me the fatal lion shun ;
You found me harmless, leave me so ;
For, were I not, you'd leave me too.

S O N G.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose:
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather tost,
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear,
In a more dreadful shape.

By such degrees to joys they come,
And are so long withstood,
So slowly they receive the sun,
It scarcely does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain ;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celimene,
Offends the winged boy.

An hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps, would not remove ;
And, if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could no deeper love.

S O N G.

F A I R Amynta, art thou mad,
To let the world in me
Envy joys I never had,
And censure them in thee ?

Filled with grief for what is past,
Let us at length be wise ;
And to love's true enjoyments haste,
Since we have paid the price.

Love does timid souls despise,
Who lose themselves for toys,
And escapes for those devise
Who taste his utmost joys.

Love should like the year be crown'd
With sweet variety ;
Hope should in the spring abound,
Kind fears, and jealousy.

In the summer, flowers should rise,
And in the autumn, fruit :
His spring doth else but mock our eyes,
And in a scoff salute.

S O N G.

THANKS, fair Urania, to your scorn,
I now am free, as I was born.
Of all the pain that I endured,
By your late coldness I am cured.

In losing me, proud nymph, you lose
The humblest slave your beauty knows :
In losing you, I but throw down
A haughty tyrant from her throne.

My ranging love did never find
Such charms of person and of mind ;
You've beauty, wit, and all things know,
But where you should your love bestow.

I, unawares, my freedom gave,
And to those tyrants grew a slave;
Would you have kept what you had won,
You should have more compassion shewn.

Love is a burthen, which two hearts,
When equally they bear their parts,
With pleasure carry; but no one,
Alas! can bear it long alone.

I'm not of those who court their pain,
And make an idol of disdain;
My hope in love does ne'er expire,
But it extinguishes desire.

Nor yet of those, who ill received,
Would have it otherwise believed;
And, where their love could not prevail,
Take the vain liberty to rail.

Whoe'er would make his victor less
Must his own weak defence confess;
And, while her power he does defame,
He poorly doubles his own shame.

Even that malice does betray,
And speak concern another way;
And all such scorn in men, is but
'The smoke of fires but ill put out.

He's still in torment, whom the rage
To detraction doth engage :
In love, indiff'rence is the sure
And only sign of perfect cure.

S O N G.

H E A R S not my Phillis, how the birds
Their feather'd mates salute ?
They tell their passion in their words,
Must I alone be mute ?
Phillis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love, in thy bright eyes,
Doth like a tyrant reign ;
But in thy heart, a child he lies,
Without his dart or flame.
Phillis, &c.

So many months in silence past,
And yet in raging love ;
Might well deserve one word at last,
My passion should approve.
Phillis, &c.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
 And not one look obtain ;
 Which he, to sooth his fond desire,
 Might pleasingly explain ?
 Phillis, without frown or smile,
 Sat and knotted all the while.

S O N G.

PHILLIS is my only joy,
 Faithless as the winds or seas;
 Sometimes coming, sometimes coy,
 Yet she never fails to please.
 If with a frown
 I am cast down,
 Phillis smiling,
 And beguiling,
 Makes me happier than before.

Though, alas! too late I find
 Nothing can her fancy fix ;
 Yet the moment she is kind,
 I forgive her all her tricks ;
 Which though I see,
 I can't get free ;
 She deceiving,
 I believing,
 What can lovers wish for more ?

S O N G.

W^HAT shall become of man so wise

When he dies ?

None can tell

Whether he goes to heaven or hell ;

Or, after a few moments here,

He disappear ;

And at last

Perish entirely like a beast ?

But women, wine, and mirth, we know,

Are all the joys he has below :

Let us then ply those joys we have,

'Tis vain to think beyond the grave ;

Out of our reach the gods have laid

Of time to come th' event ;

And laugh to see the fools afraid

Of what the knaves invent.

*EDMUND WALLER.**OF SYLVIA.*

Our sighs are heard ; just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of lovers' cares.
She that so far the rest outshin'd,
Sylvia, the fair, while she was kind,
As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandsome now.
So when the sky makes us endure
A storm, itself becomes obscure.

Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from Flavia's self her name ;
Lest she, provoking Heav'n, should prove
How it rewards neglected love.
Better a thousand such as I,
Their grief untold, should pine and die,
Than her bright morning, overcast
With fullen clouds, should be defac'd.

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words, or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief.
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move:
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For women, born to be controll'd,
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast,
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.

Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress'd
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill:
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.

Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
And beckons to the willing dame,
Preferr'd to quench his present flame ;
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were ;
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.

All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love : that conquering look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.

So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs ; resolves to try
The combat next ; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

S O N G.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired.
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty like a shadow flies,
And our youth before us dies.
Or would youth and beauty stay,
Love hath wings, and will away.
Love hath swifter wings than time,
Change in love to heav'n doth climb;
Gods, that never change their state,
Vary oft their love and hate.
Phillis, to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two;
Let not you and I inquire
What hath been our past desire;
On what shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the planets too
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present love.

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confin'd,
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heart's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer.
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this riband bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

TO THE MUTABLE FAIR.

HERE, Celia ! for thy sake I part
With all that grew so near my heart ;
The passion that I had for thee,
The faith, the love, the constancy !
And, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love.

Fool that I was ! so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise :

Fool! that with such dull arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying dove:
For you, that are in motion still,
Decline our force, and mock our skill,
Who, like Don Quixote, do advance
Against a windmill our vain lance.

Now will I wander through the air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And, with a fancy unconfin'd,
(As lawless as the sea or wind)
Pursue you wheresoe'er you fly,
And with your various thoughts comply.

The formal stars do travel so
As we their names and courses know;
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our books:
But never were the clouds reduced
To any art: the motion used
By those free vapours, is so light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd fight
Despairs to find the rules that guide
Those gilded shadows as they slide.
And, therefore, of the spacious air
Jove's royal consort had the care;
And by that power did once escape,
Declining bold Ixion's rape;
She, with her own resemblance graced
A shining cloud, which he embraced.

Such was that image, so it smiled
With seeming kindness, which beguiled
Your Thyrsis lately, when he thought
He had his fleeting Celia caught,
'Twas shaped like her, but for the fair,
He fill'd his arms with yielding air.

A fate for which he grieves the less,
Because the gods had like success.
For in their story, one, we see,
Pursues a nymph, and takes a tree :
A second, with a lover's haste
Soon overtakes whom he had chas'd ;
But she that did a virgin seem,
Possess'd, appears a wand'ring stream :
For his supposed love, a third
Lays greedy hold upon a bird,
And stands amaz'd to find his dear
A wild inhabitant of air.

To these old tales such nymphs as you
Give credit, and still make them new.
The amorous, now, like wonders find
In the swift changes of your mind,

But, Celia, if you apprehend
The muse of your incens'd friend,
Nor would that she record your blame,
And make it live ;—repeat the same.

Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears he'll not complain :
For still to be deluded so
Is all the pleasure lovers know ;
Who, like good falconers, take delight
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

TO A LADY IN RETIREMENT.

SEES not my love how time resumes
The glory which he lent these flowers ?
Though none should taste of their perfumes,
Yet must they live but some few hours :
Time what we forbear devours.

Had Helen, or the Egyptian queen,
Been ne'er so thrifty of their graces,
Those beauties must at length have been
The spoil of age, which finds out faces
In the most retired places.

Should some malignant planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless show'r,
Upon the autumn or the spring,
And spare us neither fruit nor flow'r,
Winter would not stay an hour.

Could the resolve of love's neglect
Preserve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more respect
Were due to so divine a fashion ;
Nor would I indulge my passion.

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast, as safely vain,
Their works shall with the world remain :
Both bound together, live or die,
The verses and the prophecy.

But who can hope his line should long
Last in a daily changing tongue ?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And, as that dies, our language fails.

When architects have done their part,
The matter may betray their art :
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built palace down.

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin or in Greek :
We write in sand ; our language grows,
And, like the tide, our work o'erflows.

Chaucer his sense can only boast,
 The glory of his numbers lost!
 Years have defac'd his matchless strain,
 And yet he did not sing in vain.

The beauties which adorn'd that age,
 The shining objects of his page,
 Hoping they should immortal prove,
 Rewarded with success his love.

This was the generous poet's scope,
 And all an English pen can hope,
 To make the fair approve his flame,
 That can so far extend their name.

Verse, thus design'd, has no ill fate,
 If it arrive but at the date
 Of fading beauty; if it prove
 But as long-liv'd as the present love.

S O N G.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
 Chloris, I feel my life decay:
 That powerful noise
 Calls my fleeting soul away.
 Oh! suppress that magic sound
 Which destroys without a wound.

Peace, Chloris! peace! or finging die,
That together you and I
To heav'n may go;
For all we know
Of what the blessed do above,
Is that they sing, and that they love.

FLATMAN.

This poet is a miserable imitator of Cowley. Of the three following extracts, the first is in the best style of his poetry; the second a specimen of his wit; and the third is remarkable from its having been imitated by Mr. Pope, in his Ode of "The Dying Christian."

S O N G.

REMOV'D from fair Urania's eyes,
 Into a village far away,
 Fond Astrophil began to say:
 "Thy charms, Urania, I despise;
 "Go, bid some other shepherd for thee die,
 "That never understood thy tyranny."

Return'd at length, the amorous swain,
 Soon as he saw his deity,
 Ador'd again and bow'd his knee,
 Became her slave, and wore her chain.
 The needle thus, that motionless did lie,
 Trembles and moves when the lov'd loadstone's by.

S O N G.

How happy a thing were a wedding,
And a bedding,
If a man might purchase a wife,
For a twelvemonth and a day;
But to live with her all a man's life,
For ever and for aye;
Till she grow as grey as a cat,
Good faith, Mr. Parson, I thank you for that.

S O N G.

A THOUGHT ON DEATH.

WHEN on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrows, full of anguish;
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,—
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearful, come away!

CHARLES COTTON.

This pleasing and elegant author was principally distinguished by his "Virgil Travestie," and other burlesque Translations, and in this style of writing was considered as only inferior to Butler. His "Complete Angler," published by Sir John Hawkins, together with that of Isaac Walton, is also a deservedly popular performance. The following pieces are extracted from his "Poems on several Occasions, octavo, 1689."

TO CHLORIS.

LORD! how you take upon you still!
 How you crow and domineer!
 How still expect to have your will,
 And carry the dominion clear,
 As you were still the same that once you were!

Fie, Chloris, 'tis a gross mistake,
 Correct your errors, and be wise;
 I kindly still your kindness take,
 But yet have learn'd, though love I prize,
 Your froward humours to despise,
 And now disdain to call them cruelties.

I was a fool while you were fair,
 And I had youth t' excuse it;
 And all the rest are so that lovers are:
 I then myself your vassal swear,
 And could be still so (which is rare),
 But on condition that you not abuse it.

'Tis beauty that to woman-kind
Gives all the rule and sway ;
Which once declining, or declin'd,
Men afterwards unwillingly obey.

Yet still you have enough, and more than needs,
To rule a more rebellious heart than mine ;
For as your eyes still shoot, my heart still bleeds,
And I must be a subject still :
Nor is it much against my will,
Though I pretend to wrestle and repine.

Your beauties, sweet, are at their height,
And I must still adore ;
New years new graces still create,
Nay, maugre time, mischance, and fate,
You in your very ruins shall have more
Than all the beauties that have grac'd the
world before.

EXTRACT

FROM "CONTENTATION," ADDRESSED TO ISAAC WALTON.

O SENSELESS man, that murmurs still
For happiness, and does not know,
Even though he might enjoy his will,
What he would have to make him so.

Is it true happiness, to be
By undiscerning fortune plac'd
In the most eminent degree,
Where few arrive, and none stand fast?

Titles and wealth are fortune's toils,
Wherewith the vain themselves ensnare;
The great are proud of borrow'd spoils,
The miser's plenty breeds his care.

Nor is he happy who is trim,
Trick'd up in favours of the fair;
Mirrors, with ev'ry breath made dim,
Birds, caught in ev'ry wanton snare.

'Tis contentation, that alone
Can make us happy here below;
And when this little life is gone,
Will lift us up to heaven too.

A very little satisfies
An honest and a grateful heart ;
And who would more than will suffice,
Does covet more than is his part.

That man is happy in his share,
Who is warm clad, and cleanly fed ;
Whose necessaries bound his care,
And honest labour makes his bed.

S O N G.

PRITHEE, why so angry, sweet ?
'Tis in vain
To dissemble a disdain ;
That frown i' th' infancy I'll meet,
And kiss it to a smile again.

When thy rosy cheek thus checks
My offence,
I could sin with a pretence ;
Thro' that sweet chiding blush there breaks
So fair, so bright an innocence.

Thus your very frowns entrap
My desire,
And inflame me to admire
That eyes, dress'd in an angry shape,
Should kindle, as with amorous fire.

LAURA SLEEPING.

O D E.

WINDS, whisper gently while she sleeps,
And fan her with your cooling wings,
Whilst she her drops of beauty weeps,
From pure, and yet-unrivall'd springs.

Glide over beauty's field, her face,
To kiss her lip and cheek be bold,
But with a calm and stealing pace,
Neither too rude, nor yet too cold.

Play in her beams, and crisp her hair,
With such a gale as wings soft love;
And with so sweet, so rich an air,
As breathes from the Arabian grove.

A breath as hush'd as lovers' sigh,
Or that unfolds the morning's door;
Sweet, as the winds that gently fly
To sweep the spring's enamell'd floor.

THE JOYS OF MARRIAGE.

How uneasy is his life,
Who is troubled with a wife!
Be she ne'er so fair or comely,
Be she ne'er so foul or homely,
Be she ne'er so young and toward,
Be she ne'er so old and froward,
Be she kind, with arms enfolding,
Be she cross, and always scolding,
Be she blithe, or melancholy,
Have she wit, or have she folly,
Be she wary, be she squand'ring,
Be she staid, or be she wand'ring,
Be she constant, be she fickle,
Be she fire, or be she ickle;
Be she pious, or ungodly,
Be she chaste, or what sounds oddly:
Lastly, be she good or evil,
Be she faint, or be she devil,
Yet, uneasy is his life
Who is married to a wife.

LAURA WEEPING,

O D E.

CHASTE, lovely Laura, 'gan disclose,
Drooping with sorrow from her bed;
As with ungentle show'rs the rose,
O'ercharg'd with wet, declines her head,

With a dejected look and pace,
Neglectingly she 'gan appear:
When meeting with her tell-tale glass,
She saw the face of sorrow there.

Sweet sorrow dress'd in such a look,
As love would trick to catch desire;
A shaded leaf in beauty's book,
Character'd with clandestine fire.

Then a full shower of pearly dew,
Upon her snowy breast 'gan fall,
As in due homage to bestrew,
Or mourn her beauty's funeral.

Spare, Laura, spare those beauty's twins,
Do not our world of beauty drown,
Thy tears are balm for others' sins,
Thou know'st not any of thine own.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAW.

The following extract is taken from his poems, published with the Translation of Il Pastor fido, 1676.—The four first lines are part of another sonnet.

THOU blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
 The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
 Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
 For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes.
 Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon;
 What boots a life which in such haste forfakes thee?
 Thou'rt wondrous frolic, being to die so soon,
 And passing proud a little colour makes thee.
 If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
 Know then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
 For the same beauty, doth in bloody leaves
 The sentence of thy early death contain.
 Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flow'r,
 If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn,
 And many *Herods* lie in wait each hour,
 To murder thee as soon as thou art born.
 Nay, force thy bud to blow, their tyrant breath
 Anticipating life to hasten death.

he published several translations from Virgil, Livy, &c. in his letters during his embassies in Spain & Portugal from 1663 to 1678 (printed in 1702 and 1724) are valuable.

LORD ROCHESTER.

S O N G.

INSULTING beauty, you mis-spend
Those frowns upon your slave;
Your scorn against such rebels bend,
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend
From all the charms you have.

Your conquering eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That while I languish in despair
Many proud senseless hearts declare,
They find you not so killing fair,
To wish you merciful.

They, an inglorious freedom boast;
I triumph in my chain;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost,
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust,
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

LORD BRISTOL.

S O N G.

SEE, O see!
 How every tree,
 Every bower,
 Every flower,
 A new life gives to others' joys,
 Whilst that I
 Grief-stricken lie,
 Nor can meet
 With any sweet
 But what faster mine destroys.
 What are all the senses' pleasures,
 When the mind hath lost all measures?

Hear, O hear!
 How sweet and clear
 The nightingale,
 And waters fall
 In concert join for others' ears,
 Whilst to me,
 For harmony,
 Every air
 Echoes despair,
 And every drop provokes a tear.
 What are all the senses' pleasures,
 When the mind hath lost all measures?

G. HERBERT.

L I F E.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But time did beckon to the flow'rs, and they
By noon, most cunningly, did steal away,
And wither in my hand.
My hand was next to them, and then my heart ;
I took, without more thinking, in good part,
Time's gentle admonition ;
Who did so sweetly death's sad taste convey,
Making my mind to smell my fatal day,
Yet fug'ring the suspicion.
Farewel, dear flow'rs ! sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye liv'd, for smell and ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight, without complaints or grief,
Since, if my scent be good, I care not if
It be as short as yours.

M R S. B E H N.

S O N G.

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
 While bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
 For whom fresh pains he did create,
 And strange tyrannic pow'r he show'd :
 From thy bright eyes he took his fire,
 Which round about in sport he hurl'd ;
 But 'twas from mine he took desire,
 Enough t' inflame the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
 From thee his pride and cruelty,
 From me his languishment and fears,
 And ev'ry killing dart from thee.
 Thus thou and I the god have arm'd,
 And set him up a deity ;
 But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
 Whilst thine the victor is, and free.

*From Select Ayres, printed for J. Playford,
1669.*

HUE AND CRY AFTER CHLORIS.

I.

TELL me, ye wand'ring spirits of the air,
Did you not see a nymph more bright, more fair
Than beauty's darling, or of looks more sweet
Than stol'n content? If such a one ye meet,
Wait on her hourly, wherefoe'er she flies,
And cry, and cry, Amyntor for her absence dies.

II.

Go search the valleys, pluck up ev'ry rose,
You'll find a scent, a blush of her in those.
Fish, fish for pearl or coral, there you'll see
How oriental all her colours be.
Go call the echoes to your aid, and cry,
Chloris, Chloris, for that's her name for whom I die.

III.

But stay awhile, I have inform'd you ill,
Were she on earth, she had been with me still;
Go, fly to heav'n, examine ev'ry sphere,
And try what star hath lately lighted there.
If any brighter than the sun you see,
Fall down, fall down, and worship it, for that is she!

D R. K I N G.

THE SURRENDER.

M^y once dear love, hapless that I no more
 Must call thee so, the rich affection's store
 That fed on hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,
 Like fums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.
 We that did nothing study, but the way
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day
 Rose with delight to us, and with them set,
 Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.
 We that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give,
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live
 Beyond that wish; all these now cancel must,
 As if not writ in faith, but words, and dust.
 Yet witness those clear vows that lovers make;
 Witness the chaste desires that never brake
 Into unruly hearts; witness that breast
 Which in thy bosom anchor'd his whole rest;
 'Tis no default in us, I dare acquit
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white
 As thy pure self; cross planets did envy
 Us to each other, and Heav'n did untie
 Faster than vows could bind— - - -
 - - - - - like turtle doves

Dislodged from their haunts, we must in tears
Unwind a love, knit up in many years ;
In this last kiss I here surrender thee
Back to thyself ; so thou again art free.
Thou, in another, sad as that, re-send
The truest heart that lover e'er did lend.
Now torn from each, so fare our sever'd hearts
As the divorc'd soul from her body parts.

*From a collection entitlea "WIT RESTORED."
Edit. 1658. Duod.*

*James Smith D. D.
was the principal
author of this collection.*

PHILLIDA FLOUTS ME.

OH ! what a pain is love ;
How shall I bear it ?
She will unconstant prove,
I greatly fear it.
She so torments my mind,
That my strength faileth,
And wavers with the wind,
As a ship that faileth ;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way ;
Alack and well-a-day !
Phillida flouts me !

All the fair yesterday
She did pass by me ;
She look'd another way,
And would not spy me.
I woo'd her for to dine,
But could not get her.
WILL had her to the wine ;
He might entreat her.

With DANIEL she did dance,
 On me she look'd askance,
 Oh! thrice unhappy chance!
 Phillida flouts me!

Fair maid! be not so coy,
 Do not disdain me;
 I am my mother's joy,
 Sweet! entertain me!
 She'll give me, when she dies,
 All that is fitting;
 Her poultry, and her bees,
 And her geese sitting;
 A pair of mattrafs beds,
 And a bagful of shreds;
 And yet for all this goods
 Phillida flouts me!

She hath a clout of mine,
 Wrought with good *Coventry*,
 Which she keeps for a sign
 Of my fidelity.
 But i' faith, if she flinch,
 She shall not wear it;
 To TIBB, my t'other wench,
 I mean to bear it.
 And yet it grieves my heart
 So soon from her to part!
 Death strikes me with his dart!
 Phillida flouts me!

Thou shalt eat curds and cream
 All the year lasting;
 And drink the crystal stream,
 Pleasant in tasting:
 Wigge and whey, while thou burst,
 And ramble-berry,
 Pye-lid and pasty crust,
 Pears, plums, and cherry;
 Thy raiment shall be thin,
 Made of a weaven skin;
 Yet all not worth a pin!
 Phillida flouts me!

Fair maidens, have a care,
 And in time take me;
 I can have those as fair,
 If you forsake me.
 For DOLL the dairy-maid
 Laugh'd on me lately,
 And wanton WINIFRED
 Favours me greatly.
 One throws milk on my clothes,
 T'other plays with my nose:
 What wanton signs are those?
 Phillida flouts me!

I cannot work and sleep
 All at a season;
 Love wounds my heart so deep,
 Without all reason.

I 'gin to pine away,
With grief and forrow,
Like to a fatted beaft
Penn'd in a meadow.
I fhall be dead, I fear,
Within this thoufand year,
And all for very fear!
Phillida flouts me!

From the same, by D. Stroad.

ANSWER TO "THE LOVER'S MELANCHOLY."

RETURN, my joys! and hither bring
 A tongue not made to speak but sing;
 A jolly spleen, an inward feast,
 A causeless laugh without a jest;
 A face which gladness doth anoint,
 An arm, for joy, flung out of joint;
 A spritful gait that leaves no print,
 And makes a feather of a flint;
 A heart that's lighter than the air,
 An eye still dancing in its sphere;
 Strong mirth which nothing shall controul,
 A body nimbler than a soul;
 Free wand'ring thoughts, not tied to muse,
 Which, thinking all things, nothing chuse,
 Which, ere we see them come, are gone;
 These life itself doth feed upon:
 Then take no care, but only to be jolly,
 To be more wretched than we must, is folly,

I 'gin to pine a
 With grief a
 Like to a fatted
 Penn'd in a n
 I shall be dead,
 Within this t
 And all for ver
 Ph

*The little poem is nature; but it is so beautiful an imitation
 of the old poem, that it is presumed every reader will see
 it with pleasure in the collection.*

THE IVY.

How tender ivy courts the oak,
 And clings it with a false embrace!
 So I stole a woman's yoke,
 And yield me to a smiling face.
 And loath our deaths will prove, I grieve,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

How firm the tree would swell its rind!
 But, vainly trying, it decays.
 So fares it with my harried mind,
 So wastes the vigour of my days.
 And loath our deaths will prove, I grieve,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

A ball, forsaken for lack of grace,
 My kindly pity first did move;
 And, in a little moment's space,
 This pity did engender love.
 And now my death must prove, I grieve,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

she rules me with her look,
 round me winds her harlot chain;
 by a strange enchantment struck,
 bler will recoils in vain.
 my death will prove, I guess,
 mph of unthankfulness.

the oak denied its shade,
 eed had trail'd in dust below;
 had I her suit gainfaid,
 still have pin'd in want and woe:
 th our deaths will prove, I guess,
 mph of unthankfulness.

T H E E N D .

LONDON, PRINTED BY T. RICKABY,
 1790.

This little piece is modern; but it is so beautiful an imitation of the old poets, that it is presumed every reader will see it with pleasure in this collection.

THE IVY.

How yonder ivy courts the oak,
 And clips it with a false embrace!
 So I abide a wanton's yoke,
 And yield me to a smiling face.
 And both our deaths will prove, I guess,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

How fain the tree would swell its rind!
 But, vainly trying, it decays.
 So fares it with my shackled mind,
 So wastes the vigour of my days.
 And soon our deaths will prove, I guess,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

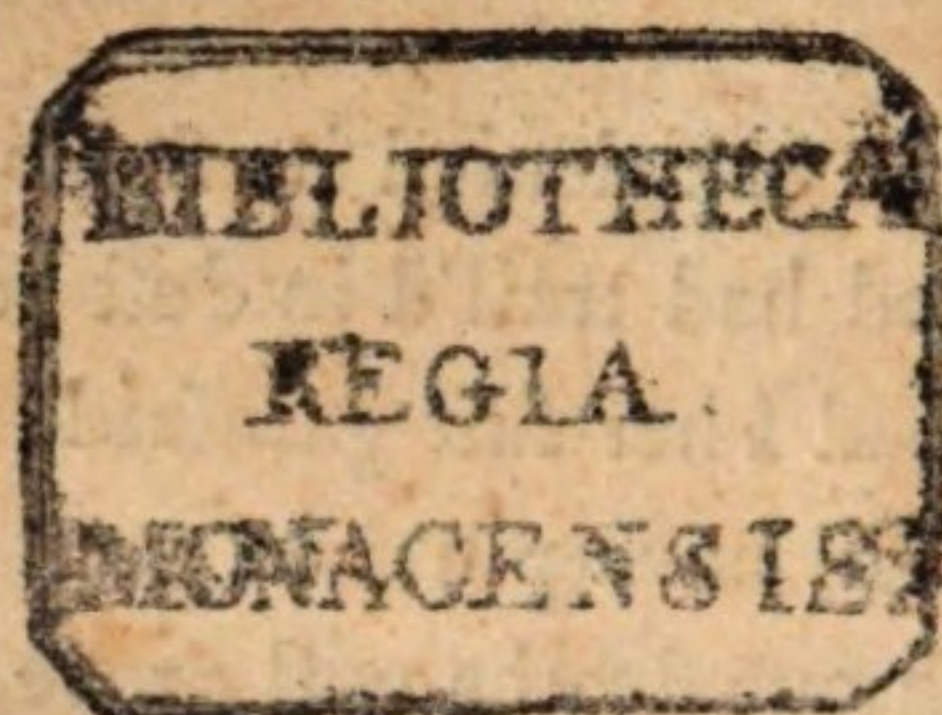
A lass, forlorn for lack of grace,
 My kindly pity first did move;
 And, in a little moment's space,
 This pity did engender love.
 And now my death must prove, I guess,
 The triumph of unthankfulness.

For now she rules me with her look,
And round me winds her harlot chain;
Whilst, by a strange enchantment struck,
My nobler will recoils in vain.
And soon my death will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

But, had the oak denied its shade,
The weed had trail'd in dust below;
And she, had I her suit gainfaid,
Might still have pin'd in want and woe:
Now, both our deaths will prove, I guess,
The triumph of unthankfulness.

T H E E N D .

LONDON, PRINTED BY T. RICKABY,
1790.



Hutm.

Ellis, George,

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